GRAPES
FROM
CANAAN
OR THE
Believers present taste of future Glory:

Expressed in a short Divine

POEM.

The issue of spare Hours

And Published at the Request, and for the Entertainment of those whose hopes are above their present enjoyments.

1 Cor. 13. 12. *For now we see through a [illegible] but then face to face: now I know in part, [illegible] shall I know, even as also I am known.*

1 Joh. 3. 2. —*Now are we the sons of God, and it does not appear yet what we shall be; but we know, that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.*

(Francis [illegible])

London, Printed by *T. L.* for the [illegible] and are to be sold at the sign of the [illegible] in Paris [illegible]

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NEW YORK

To the Right Honorable, *Francis Rous* Esq; Provost of *Eaton*, and one of the Council to his Highness the Lord *Protector*.

Honorable Sir,

I *Hope You will not conceive that I hold any Compliance with the scribling humour of this age, or that as dark as I am, I should so little see into my self, as not to know my rude and undigested Labours unworthy publick light: When I first design'd within my self the composure of this unfinish'd* Poem, *my Thoughts were not in the least tendency for a Publication; yet through the perswasion of some Friends (whose better judgements I could not but value above mine own private Opinion) I have sent my unfledg'd Muse abroad into the World, humbly suppos-*

suming the boldness to shrowd it under the wing of Your Honours Protection, assuring my self it will find the better welcom for the name of the Patron. Sir, This small Manuel, *I confess, comes towards you untrimmed, its Innocency being its best Dress, and its Poetry lying more in Feet than Fancy, yet is it Orthodox, I hope, and Theologically substantial: The subject matter is Divine, answering Your Affections; Sublime, not unbeseeming Your Personage; most Necessary, and therefore not unworthy Your serious Thoughts. And for the Meanness of the Author, the Heathen man pleads for me;* Non quis, sed quid dicit attendito, *not who speaks, but what is spoken ought to be considered. This little* Volume, *as it proceeds from me, hath not the least enforcement of a* Tolle, lege, *written upon it, yet (not to disown the in-comings of Divine assistance) like the stone Garamantides,* habet intus Aureas guttas, *it hath Golden Drops within it self, enriching the believing Soul with a lively hope of a blissful immortality. My principal inducement of Dedicating this to Your Honor, is, the remembrance of undeserved Favours, which challange more than*

an airy Complement at my hands. The singular Love and Reſpect You bore to my good Father while he lived, and the real Teſtimony of Your continued Affection to my ſelf, hath engaged my moſt active Thoughts to ſtudy ſomething which may in ſome meaſure render me ſenſible of both; Theſe few lines therefore, the firſt Fruits of my weaker Attainments of this Nature, I preſent with all Humility to Your Acceptance, in hope that as they may prove a Mite caſt into the Treaſury of GOD'S glory and the publick good, ſo they will ſignifie to Your Honour a Mind ſenſible of, and a Heart thankeful for the many free and noble Favours vouchſafed to my Relations and my Self. Sir, I am very confident Your judicious Eye may running read many rude unpoliſh't Lines in this Draught of Eternity; and therefore I make it my humble Requeſt, That as the Painter of old drew Alexander with his finger upon his defective Eye; So Your known Candour would put a favourable gloſs upon my imperfections, and daſh out my Errata by a charitable connivence. In the confidence whereof I ſhall only raiſe the Application of my humble Suite to Almighty God, That he would make

You no less faithful in, than able for his Service, that after You have had a glimpse of his glory in the Kingdom of Grace, You may have a fulness of his grace in the Kingdom of Glory; with the which Thoughts upon my Heart in the best seasons of my Soul, I shall be ever ready to approve my self

Your Honors humble Servant,

in the Faith of Christ,

Francis Taylor.

The Author to the Christian READER.

PLace not on earth thy chief delight,
In which there is more black than white:
VVho set their Hearts on things below,
And on the World their Thoughts bestow,
Of Heavens joy they little know.

Earth's an Impostumated Bubble,
A Map of Misery and Trouble;
Our Silver here is mixt with Dross,
Our sweet with sour, our gain with loss,
No comfort here without a cross.

Let Heaven be thy Meditation,
Climbe thither in thy Contemplation;
VVho such a Pearl have in their eye,
The worlds Enjoyments by and by
VVill trample on as Vanity.

No ſeeds of woe are to be found
I'th' furrows of that holy ground;
Yea that Cæleſtial Paradiſe
A ſtranger is to ſin and vice,
No Serpent there is to entice.

E're Death thy Body in the wombe
Of Mother-Earth again entombe,
Be ſure to get an intereſt
In that prepared place of reſt,
Whoſe happineſs can't be expreſt.

Bid Earth adieu, and fix thy Love
Upon thoſe endleſs joyes above;
Let no Decoy thy Heart entice,
But ſtill purſue the Pearl of Price,
Till thou arrive in Paradiſe.

Deo,

Deo, Opt. Max.

THou great **Jchovah**, *who alone doſt dwell*
In Light, and Glory inacceſſible,
My mind enlighten, help me to unfold
The glory that thoſe bleſſed ones beheld,
VVho are tranſlated far above the ſky,
Into the Region of Eternity.
Inſpire, and actuate my trembling Muſe
VVith heav'nly Raptures, let thy pow'r infuſe
Into her, ſuch a rare activity,
That ſhe, above the dreggy earth may fly,
And be ambitious of a glimpſe at leaſt
Of glory, and the Saints eternal reſt.
Clear up her pur-blind eye, that ſhe may ſee
VVithin the vail, what ever is to be
Seen by the eye of Faith, and may deſcry
The bleſſed Manſions in Eternity:
Then touch her ſtammering tongue, that ſhe their glory
May pencil out with thine own Oratory,
VVhich beſt befits a ſubject ſo divine,
And makes it with the greater luſtre ſhine.
The Gordian knot of glory to unty
VVould puzzel the acuteſt ingeny.
O let thy wiſdom then, my thoughts direct,
Unveile my dark and clouded intellect.

Guide

Guide my unskilful hand, that so I may
Without a blot, heav'ns happiness pourtray.
This is indeed, a mountain too sublime
For such an infant Muse as mine to clime:
Yet if thy sacred spirit lead the way
And me conduct, (for which I humbly pray)
I shall adventure, briefly to relate
And draw a Map, of the eternal state
Of those, who in the fragrant bosome ly,
Of soul inamouring felicity.
And since this is a task, that doth require
The lofty aires of an Angelick Lyre;
Yea, since it is a subject so profound;
An Ocean, that no bottom hath, nor bound;
I thee implore (and Lord grant my desire)
That what I can't express, I may admire.

To

To his Honored Cozin, Mr. *Francis Taylor*, upon his *Divine Poem*. Ἐγκωμιαστικὸν.

——————Καλέσασθε δὲ θεῖον ἀοιδὸν
Δημόδοκον, τῷ γὰρ ῥα Θεὸς περιδῶκεν ἀοιδὴν
Τερπνὴν, ὅππῃ θυμὸς ἐποτρύνῃσιν ἀείδειν.
Et Paulo Post. v. 63.

Τὸν πέρι Μοῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθόντε κακόντε,
Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδήν.

Homer Odyſ. θ. v. 43.
Ubi forſan ſeipſum reſpexiſſe videatur, qua vulgari fama cæcus perhibetur.

What Singer's this the Poet calls for thus?
Me thinks *Dear Taylor* thou'rt this *Demodocus*.
'Tis thine *Urania*, that hath given thee,
Inſtead of eyes, this vein of Poeſie.

Thou ſeeſt not Earth, yet pierceſt Heaven, thine eye
Is more ſublime, beholds Eternity.
The glaring luſters of the world may pleaſe
The luſts of ſenſual eyes; but none of theſe
Have ought of real Glory in their ſight
VVhoſe ſouls are fill'd with a diviner light.
This heavenly light adorns thy nobler mind,
The world's miſtaken, that accounts thee blind:
A veile 'tis true is drawn over thy ſenſe,
Yet not without a gracious Providence.

For

For thus thy God hath made the world to thee
Known as it is, and what 't will ever be,
Even darkness still. This hath thy glory bin (within,
While th' Curtain's drawn without, thou'rt light
And here thou hast th' advantage too, while we,
That fondly please our selves, and *say we see*,
Yet must confess, so long as day and night
Do keep their constant turns, darkness and light
Have their successions in us, and that all
The light, we have, is but an interval.
These changes touch not thee, to whom (we say)
'*Tis* ever dark, and yet 'tis ever day.
Thy soul beholds that glory, and that crown,
**VVhich never yet to mortal eye was shewen.*
So true is that even in Philosophie,
'*Tis not the eye, the soul alone doth see.*
Thou * *seest* & † *guidest* too, that others may
By thy *Seraphick* Boem find the way (ears
To that cælestial throne, yea charm'st their
By this the truest *harmony of the spheares.*

* 1 Cor. 2.9.
**So are the* Prophets *called* Seers, ‖ *Sam.* 9.9. † *And* Guides, *Ps.* 78. 72. *Acts* 8.31. —— 35.

III Thus *Art* doth *Piety* sweetly greet,
The *Muses* and the *Graces* meet.

Felices animæ, quibus hæc cognoscere primis,
Inque domus superas scandere cura fuit.
*Credibile est illos pariter vitiisque * locisque*
Altus humanis exseruisse caput.

Ovid. Fastor. l. 1
* Vulg. *jocisq;* Sic autem corrigenti Doctissimo *D. Grajo* nostro lubentissime assurgo.

ἡυτοσχεδίασε *Joh. Stileman.*
M.A. Pastor Ecclesiæ *Tunbrigiensis*
in Agro Cantiano.

To his dear Friend, Mr. *Francis Taylor*, upon his *Grapes from Canaan, &c.* being nocturnal Meditations on his Reſtleſs Bed.

SIght is a bleſſing, God hath made you blind,
Yet far more bleſt, in your enlightned mind.

Our pur-blind eyes, which dazle at the glory
Of worldly Objects, fraile and tranſitory,
Allure our minds, to fix their Meditation
On earthly Vanities, fond Contemplation!

Your Eagle light, piercing beyond the ſky,
Beholds the glory of Eternity,
Height-ning your ſoul, its purer thoughts to place
On the rich ſubſtance of immortal Grace.

Sleep is a bleſſing, which you cannot find,
Yet far more bleſſed in your waking mind.

Our

Our Nights in ſleeping ſpent, we ſeem to ly
Among the Dead, beneath the Canopy;
No thought of God, no Prayers, nor no Praiſe,
Can ſenſe-bound ſleepers up to Heaven raiſe.

Your waking mind, among the Living dwells
Within the veile, where bleſſedneſs excels,
Where Saints cœleſtial, with Angels ſing,
Eternal Praiſe, to the Eternal King.

We ſee thoſe Vines, which in this Deſart grow;
You ſpy that Vine, where Milk and Honey flow;
We Cluſters pluck by Day, but ſowre and tart;
You gather Grapes by Night moſt ſweet, which Art
Had we obtain'd, though neither ſight; nor reſt,
Yet taſting of ſuch Grapes, we ſhould be bleſt.

Clement Barling.

To

To his dark Friend upon his Divine Poem *of the Glory of Heaven.*

WHen God first will'd the ſtar-light of thine eyes
To ſet, He then commanded to ariſe
The Sun-ſhine of his Glory in thy ſoul;
And us to ſee how He, without controul,
Can bring Light out of Darkneſs, and can make
Thy loſs thy gain, thy miſery our miſtake.
Wee'l therefore praiſe him for that ſight which He
Hath given thee in exchange, and whereby we
Do learn, the leſs on earth we fix our eye,
The firmer may our hearts be fixt on high.
I'have ſometime thought thee blind, but now I ſee
'Twas my own thoughts were darkned; as for thee,
Thou only hadſt thy ſight a while ſequeſtred,
To keep thy higher thoughts from being peſt'red
With Earths diverſions; nay, who will not ſay,
That reads with care what thou do'ſt here diſplay,
But that this thy Divine Apocalyps
Doth ſpeak thine eye-ſight only in th' eclipſe
By th' interpoſing beams of that great light
Above, whoſe glory dazles natures ſight,

And

And bids her wink, that grace a glimpſe may get
Of what no eye hath ſeen, nor ear as yet
Hath heard, nor is conceiv'd in any heart,
Except (as now to thee) reveal'd in part.
Henceforth therefore I ſhall not dare to think
Thee dark, but only that God bad thee wink
A while, till he had taught this froward age
To know, not only from what every page
Of theſe thy ſpiritual Opticks tells to all,
But likewiſe from thy Preaching, and thy Call,
That (maugre all ſuch ſpirits as are *freer*
To wreſt, than ſpeak the truth) thou art a *Seer*.

Go on then with thy Muſe, let her keep ſight
Of what ſhe hath ſpy'd, and follow by the light
Of Grace, that ſpirit which taught thy ſoul this ſtory
Until thy Grace is ſwallow'd up of Glory.

To

TO
Mr. *FRAN. TAYLOR*,
ON HIS
Grapes from Canaan.

Taylor,

THou art no Water Poet, nor by wine
Art thou inſpir'd, thy *genius* is Divine,
And ſtoops not to that *Helicon*, thy Quill
Soars higher than the proud *Parnaſſus* hill;
Thou on the *Holy Mount* above haſt been
In Contemplation, and hid things haſt ſeen:
Like that ſton'd Martyr *Steven*, we may look,
And behold Heaven open'd, in thy Book.
Thy blindneſs ſhames, and much out-does our ſight;
Our day is dark, and cloudy to thy night:
Thy piercing eyes of Faith, and knowledge pry
Into thoſe things, that in the vaile do lie.
And the third heavens ſecrets look upon
Which are the bleſſed Saints rich portion.
Thus that choice veſſel *Paul*, his ſight being gone,
Did ſee more clearly, and had's viſion.
I might thee ſtile the *Homer* of this age,
Did not thy richer, and ſublimer page

Forbid, which in its pure and ſacred ſtrain
All Poetry (but Fiction) doth contain;
Thou only meaſur'd truths doſt tell in that
Celeſtial Globe of thine, and heav'nly Map.
Let profane Poets looſe and wanton Muſe
Be damned to the Grocer's ſervile uſe;
Thine is to us more uſeful than a ſtar
In Navigation to the Mariner:
It ſteels the brow 'gainſt threats, in ſtorms it chears,
In dangers comforts, animates in fears,
And makes us with a vertuous ſcorn diſdain
To yield in Tryals, and count loſſes gain:
It doth relieve, although it doth rehearſe
(High myſteries) our dulneſs with its verſe.
Thus Artiſts ſay, an Emrald ſtanding by
In cutting Jewels, helps the weaker eye.

Tho. Woodrooffe, M. A.

To

TO

His Honoured Friend, Mr. *Francis Taylor*.

ON HIS

Heavenly Poem.

Dear Friend,

WEre't not a *Soletiſme* in Love, I'd ſay
Welcome from heav'n (for ſure y'have been (that way)
But if not ſo, it muſt from *Patmos* be,
VVhere you have ſeen Landskip'd-Eternitie.
Were *Metempſychoſis* in faſhion now,
'Tis probable Saint *John* muſt live in you:
Your Book's a Fountain, but the Seals are gon,
And all you write is Revelation:
VVhich when I read, my ſoul is raviſh'd, and
(Like to Religion) doth *on tip-toe* ſtand,
Threatning departure in ſweet extaſy,
In which I neither truly live, nor dye;
And what to *Plato's* Schollar did betide,
(Were't not a crime) I could turn *Suicide*.

But tell me first, when you did sit above,
In that high azure *tent*, where stars do move,
Did not our world look like some dirty spot?
Pray say, Could you see it, or could you not?
How vainly then do most by acres guess
At worth, and miscall Riches Happiness!
Nay more, when once your Faith was got within
Those Empyræan Curtains, where no sin
But sinners do find place: pray tell me then
(Your mem'ry's good I know) what were the men
That sang those holy Notes? Did you not see
Some Lawn-sleev'd Saints, and some Presbyterie?
Did not sometimes an *Independent ayre*,
Sometimes a *Baptist-Quaker* mingle there?
No doubt there did: how fondly then do we
Fall out i'th' way, who must i'th' End agree!
We all embrace one fundamental Light,
Our hands do joyn, but yet our nails do fight.
Come welcome hour, in which my sun shall set,
And Church-yard grass shall be my Coronet:
For who will throw away one Pray'r for Life,
When Heav'n so calm, and Earth so full of strife?
When Christendom her fields are now bespred
All o're with killing-troops and with the dead:
Like Cannibals our weekly-*Gazets* feed,
On purple Broth which dying Christians bleed:
As if Baptismal water were too faint,
And coole an Element to make a saint;
Our boystrous age winds up the Nation high'r
And needs must be baptiz'd with bloud and fire.

For

For many years Intelligences came
Proclaiming wilde-fire from the *Germane* flame,
Where kindred-bloud was mingled with the Rhyne,
To wash away th' exceſſes of their wine.
And now the ſturdy *Swede* with skilful ſteel
Doth let all *Poland* bloud, to make it feel
This two-edg'd truth; when God thinks fit to beat,
Luther ſhall ſtrike as hard as *Mahomet*.
But ſtay; theſe lines do run too black: my Pray'r
Shall therefore be for *Englands* paſſeover:
And while the Maids plant Laurels on your Brow,
I'le ſing an *Eulogy* to Faith, and You.
Triumphant Faith! How ſtoutly do'ſt thou ſcorn
The teſtimony which from ſenſe is born!
Enoch by Faith Death's Trophyes did out-brave,
And where we fall, he did o're-leap his grave,
Still winding up the weights of fleſh ſo high,
His body ſtep'd into Eternity.
Nought could fore-tel but Faith's Aſtrology,
The world debauch'd muſt of a Dropſie dye;
But leſt the ſtorm ſhould blow the Globe away,
Good *Noah* caſts Faith's anchor out to ſtay
The tottring Clod, and in his pinnace ſteeps
VVhere all the ſeminals of life he keeps.
By this when *Sarah* in her wrinckls lay,
And all her white and red did fade away,
VVhen ſnow was all the locks ſhe wore, then ſhe
Dandled by Faith her *Iſaac* on her knee.
Faiths Bull-ruth 'twas kept *Moſes* like a ſwan
On *Nilus* lapp, and when he was grown man

He foild the guilded-dangers of a court,
And made dry paths where *whales* were wont to sport.
And lest some Atheists should in *Sarcasmes* say
Faith then was young, but now shee's weak & gray:
Behold a Christian *Homer* without eyes
By Faith out-sees two Universities.

VVilliam Jacob,

Φιλίατρος.

To

TO

His Honoured Friend, Mr. *Francis Taylor*,

Upon His

Grapes from Canaan;

OR,

The Believers preſent taſte of future glory.

AWake my Muſe, take up thy Lyre,
And make one of this ſacred quire;
Who would not gladly ſhow his art
VVhere ev'ry creature adds its part?

Mark how the Birds do ſweetly frame
Their Voice to blaze their Makers fame!
Hark how they chirp and flock together,
Provoking to this work each other!

VVho, though with much alacrity
They all proclaim a Deity,
None to ſo high a Note can riſe
As this rare Bird of Paradiſe.

Thou art the *Orpheus* of our age
Whoſe quill, when ſtorms within do rage,
With ſuch ſweet noiſe doth fill our ear
As can't be told by thoſe that hear.

Thy lines, thy words, and ev'ry letter
Are ſo well ſuited to thy matter,
That from King *David* I'le defend it,
Thou mayſt be lineally deſcended.

He of the Earthly City wrot,
To praiſe the Heavenly is thy Plot;
VVhoſe glory doth ſo ſhine in thee
Though blind thou can'ſt not chuſe but ſee.

When once the Soul hath fix't its eye
Upon the Glorie of things on high,
And ſeen its Chriſt within the vaile,
What matter though the Body's faile.

Haſte

Haſte then my Soul! VVith this good guide
Haſte to that Glory here deſcri'd;
Thou need'ſt not fear to go aſtray,
VVhen this great Seer leads the way.

VVhere Angels and where Seraphim,
VVhere bleſſed Saints and Cherubin,
Praiſes continually do ſing
To God, our God, and heavenly King.

Frederick Primroſe.

Φίλῳ μοῦ κυδίστῳ κυρίῳ Φ. Τ. ἐπὶ ἑαυτοῦ τὸ βιβλίον.

Ὁστὶς ὁρᾶν μάει Βασιλέιαν παμβασίλεος
Λαμπροτάτην, ἱερεύστην θεόπνευστος ἔχει:
Ὀφθαλμοῖσι νόου σὸι τύφλος ἀτύφλος ὁδόει
Ἔις δόξαν, σταφυλὰς οὐρανόθενδε φέρει.
Ἀγλαὰ δόξα θεοῦ, καὶ Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντα
Σώματα θεῖα, ψυχὰι ὧδ' καθαραίτε, φάει.
Τοῦ κυρίου ἁγίων ἁγίοις ἡ πότνια γνῶσις
Ἔστ' φιλία ὠδαις, ταυτ' φίλος ἡδὺς ἄδει.
Ὅστ' Ἐνχειρίδιον μέγαν ἐν ταῖς χερσὶ λαβοῖτο,
Πολλὰ λέγοις, αἶνας τοῦτο δίδοντι δίδου.

Amico ſuo ingenioſiſſimo celeberrimi hujus Poematis Authori merito hoc encomiaſticon commendat *N. B.* Philo-Porta.

Regia marmoreis pluſquam fabricata columnis
Celſa Dei eſt, ſeſe extendens per inane locorum;
Lucidior gemmis; Chryſtallo purior omni
Conſpicuo, longe fulvo rutilantior auro:
Firmior & domibus multo fluitantibus orbis;
Nomina, cum titulis, nec non adjuncta ſacratis,
Hujus cæleſtis Paradiſi, conſuis ipſe hæc
Omnia Taylere inſignis. Beatifica dona,
Fulgoris radiis complentia corpora pura,
Utq; ſigillatim memores! Ut agilia naves!
Non moritura unquam! Forma nitidiſſima! Nec non
(Attributa quidem hæc!) incompatibilia! Deinde
Lux, & felicitas animarum clara ſacrarum;
Cognitio ſcilicet gemmans, dominumq; amor erga
Seſe & perfectus, collucent verſibus aptis.
Hæc tua depinxit graphice pia, docta Camœna;
(Dulcis Amice) ſtylum poliit tua lima Britannum,
Carmine ſuaviſono; ſcandant ſuper æthera laudes.
Non torrem oſtendam ſoli; mea Muſa ſileſcet
More Timanthæo obvolvens hæc ardua nube.

To

To my Loving Friend, Mr. *Fran. Taylor*, upon his excellent *Poem*, entituled, *Grapes from Canaan, &c.*

DEptiv'd of sight can he be said to be
Who sees the light? How true is this of thee!
Thy soul is full of eyes, whose sight refin'd
See far, although thou bodily art blind.
Let this to none a Paradox appear
That thou a blind-man art, and yet a *Seer*.
Paul was wrap't up into the heavens third story:
So thou, which made thee limne so well its glory.
Thy skill hath made Objects remote t' appear
Close by; and things a distance off seem neer.
Sin is alas! an interposing screen,
A separating wall, which stands between
Glory and us; but by thine heavenly art
Glory's revealed unto us in part.
Thine understandings search hath brought to light
Secrets abstruse; O blindness blest for sight!
The Spaniards Dove *Columbus*, and our *Drake*,
(Not Quaking in the least) did undertake

A long,

A long, and dang'rous voyage; ſayling over
Remoteſt Seas, new Ilands to diſcover.
Home they return, their richer veſſels hold
A traught of nought, but glorious luggage Gold.
Had they both *Indies*, and could *Numid*-like
Meaſure their unſumm'd treaſure by a ſtrike;
Time would conſume it; what a thief is Chink?
The greateſt baggs will in the uſing ſhrink.
Alas! alas! the Glory they did win
Was earthly, vain; their Bullion falling in
A deep conſumption, pin'd away by leaſure;
See there the end of their laborious pleaſure!
But as for thee (my truly Honor'd Friend)
Thou Rigg'ſt thy Veſſel for an other end.
Thy braver ſpirit doth with ſcorn diſdain
The roaming here, upon the foaming Main.
Grace is the Ship, thy ſoul doth go aboard;
Thy Faith's the Sayl, thy Steers-man is Gods Word;
His Spirit's the Wind, that drives thee by degrees
O're the calm back of th' *Erythræan* ſeas,
I mean Chriſt's bloud: thou tak'ſt a view of heaven,
Returneſt richly fraught with Jewels, given
By God himſelf; by doing good thou thriv'ſt,
Thy lands enrich'd; this is the trade thou driv'ſt.
Like *Noahs* Dove, thou canſt not, doſt not ceaſe,
Until thou bringſt an Olive-branch of Peace.
Wouldſt thou view heaven on earth (kind *Reader*) then
Let thine eye trace the foot-ſteps of his pen
Steer'd by an others hand; be pleas'd to look
On the Reflections of this precious Book:
And here it is, heavens glorious Objects paſs
Unto Faiths eye, through this proſpective-glaſs.

Doſt

Dost thou desire with beauties most sublime
T'enrich thy soul, engarrison'd with slime?
Shake off Earths dangling fetters which keep down
Thy lab'ring soul from rising to its Crown.
The transient pleasures of this Mole-hill Earth,
Afford at best but melancholy mirth:
But joyes in heaven, which are only sure
And stable, shall eternally endure
In spight of time; there the bless'd Saints advance
Their heightned notes above the reach of chance.
Be practically good; bid sin good-b'wy,
And Glory's thine, I'le warrant you; I, I,
'Tis thine, 'tis thine; the heavens have decreed
It thine, it thine. *Beatitude indeed!*
Wouldst thou be made one of the royal stem,
And Den'son of the *New-Jerusalem*?
Be sure thou follow this directive way,
And then thou wilt not, nay, thou canst not stray.
Heav'n shield us all from the worlds Philtre-charms,
And hold us fast in his encircling arms;
O may we ever in that Glory rest,
Which our rare Author sweetly hath expresst!
Thrice happy be that soul, who (thirsting) gapes
To drink this liquor, prest from *Canaans Grapes*.

Canterbury, July 1. 1657.

Nicholas Billingsley.

THE

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ERRATA.

In page 3. line 5. for *the comprehenſible*, r. *th' incomprehenſible*: p. 17. l. 9. for *man* r. *men*: p. 31. l. 5. for *joyn'd* r. *joyned*. p. 40. l. 27. for *ſtiled* r. *ſtil'd*. p. 47. l. 2. for *our* r. *over*. p. 49. l. 21. for *at* r. *it*. p. 51. l. 15. r. *bodies*. p. 62. l. 9. r. *keep*. p. 62. l. 16. r. *wound*. p. 71. l. 13. r. *makes*.

GRAPES FROM CANAAN.

OR,

The *Believers* preſent *taſte* OF Future Glory.

THe lives of Saints are *Tragæ-comedies*;
Their future joy, their preſent grief out-vies:
Their death is ſweet, although their life be ſowr,
Tears in the bud, but Glory in the flower.

The blessed Angels at the port of bliss,
On portral of the Heavenly edifice,
As Masters of the Ceremonies stand,
To welcome Saints into the *Holy Land*:
From whence into their Fathers Court strait-way
These *Ministring Spirits* their new-Guests convey.
The glory that the Blessed there behold
All language is too narrow to unfold:
The glittering stars, which in that Orbe do shine,
No Logick can sufficiently define.
Had I as many tongues as hairs, yet I
Could never set out the resplendency
Of that celestial Paradise above,
For saints ordained by the God of Love;
The shadow of it in the picture I
Can only give, and that imperfectly.

Heavens

Heavens Glory not to be fully displai'd in this life.

NO eye hath seen, ear heard, or heart of man
At any time conceived hath, or can
The comprehensible sublimity
And glorious mysteries of that most high:
And heavenly Wisdom, and unparallel'd
Sweetness, which in the Gospel is reveal'd:
How altogether then unutterable
Is the perfection, how inexplicable
The full, the real, and the actual
Fruition of those Evangelical
Mysterious Revelations, which are even
Accomplish'd to the height in th' highest Heaven.

The eye of man hath seen Earths rarest sights,
Its bravest Ornaments, and chief delights;
Mountains of Chrystal, and rich Mines of Gold,
With Rocks of Diamonds, wondrous to behold,
Ilands of Spices, and the Pearly coast,
(Of which some Travellers so much do boast)
The stately and sublime Pyramides,
Diana's Temple, and such like as these,

Mauſolus tombe in all its pompe and pride,
With all the wonders of the world beſide.

The Ear hath with the ſweeteſt melody
Oft charmed been, even with ſuch harmony,
As once tranſported the amazed ear
Of *Alexander* with a pang (as't were)
Of pleaſing rage, and ſweetly did inhance
His ſpirit with a moſt delightful dance.

The Heart of man imagine and ſurmiſe
Rare pieces can, and ſtrange felicities;
The pebbles on the ground it in conceit
Into rich Pearls can *tranſubſtantiate*;
Duſt into ſilver, into liquid Oare
The Land encircling Ocean, nay more
With greater beauty it and ſweetneſs can
The boſome of *Dame* Nature garniſh, than
The eye e're ſaw, each ſtar into a ſun
It can convert, and when it ſo hath done,
Can make thoſe ſuns far bigger and more bright,
Than that which gilds the heaven with its light.

And yet the height of Evangelical
Wiſdome out-ſhines, and far ſurpaſſeth all
That eye, ear, or the heart of men could ever
See, hear, or know, though heightned with endeavor:
And this ſo rare, and admirable light
On Earth, diſcovering unto our ſight

The

The treasures of Cælestial and Divine
Wisdome in Christ, is to the richest Mine
Of Gold, but as a grain; yea, lesser than
A drop of water to the Ocean.
When with these sempiternal joyes above
It is compar'd which by the God of Love
For those ordain'd are, that have stricken sayl,
And safely landed are within the vayl.
Oh then how far! How far beyond all measure
Doth the sublimity of heavens pleasure
Transcend the most enlarg'd capacity
Of men? For humane knowledge 'tis too high.

It is a Fruit of our unhappy Fall
With *Adam*, and the sad Estate of all
That sojourne in this vale of misery
To know heavens glory but imperfectly:
From which our clearer and compleater knowledge,
When we 're admitted into *Zion Colledge*
Shall differ, as a little Infants doth
From his who is arriv'd at perfect growth.
As knowledge by a glass from apprehension
Of real objects, till the great convention,
That fulnesse we of light can't pierce, nor pry
Into the bottomlesse profundity
Of endlesse joyes, nor in that brightnesse dwell,
Which is to mortals unapproachable:
This is reserved to the day of Doom,
When Jesus Christ the Spouses lovely Groom

Shall her conduct into his Fathers tent,
And without spot, her there to him present.

Our Intellects upon necessity
Irradiated supernaturally,
Must be with extraordinary light,
Ere they can have a clear and perfect sight
Of future bliss, or fully comprehend
The brightness of those joyes, which know no end.
It is as easie for a mortal man,
the Globe of Earth to compass with a span,
Or in a Nut-shell the Ocean to contain,
As to describe exactly every vein
Of Heavens Golden Mine———
Philosophers of old could say that even
As Owles eyes are to th' shining Lamp of Heaven;
So are the sharpest and most piercing eyes
Of pregnant wits to Natures mysteries:
Oh then! How strangely would they dazled be,
And even struck stark blind, should they but see
The sparkling lustre, and excessive height
Of Heavens secrets, and immortal light?

But though the whole we cannot fully know,
Yet part we may consider here below;
Although of that o're-flowing Fountain we
Can't have a full draught, yet a taste may be
Attain'd on Earth, though the whole Harvest can't
Be here enjoy'd by th' most sublimed Saint;

Yet

Yet of the first-Fruits we a brief survey
May take; the Scriptures to this end display
And shadow out a glympse, by things that are
Esteemed here most excellent and rare.

HEAVENS GLORY

Set out by its

PROPERTIES.

THe Glory of the *Saints eternal reſt*,
May by its *Properties* be well expreſt.

Heavens Altitude.

THat bleſſed place which Saints by Faith deſcry,
Is ſet out by a mountain great and high:
It hath its ſcituation far above
The Sun and ſtars, which in their Orbs do move,
Above thoſe glorious Luminaries, which
With beams of light this lower-world enrich:
In power and pride are worldlings oft-times high,
And though they could their Neſts build in the ſky,

So

So firmly, that they thought none could remove
Yet shal the saints be shortly far above them: (them,
Their Eagle on his sacred wings shall bear
Them far above the Element of fear.
Their proper house and place of rest is even
Where Christ is in the Empyrean Heaven;
A City whose aspiring walls defie
The scaling Ladders of the Enemy.
A Fort erected far above the skies,
That's too too strong for humane batteries;
A Castle reared on a towring Rock,
No silver Key can ever it unlock:
It fears no underminings, and the shot
Of malice, it is far above (I wot)
The arrows which are up against it sent,
Do with redoubled force rebound, and rent
The hairy scalps of those who let them fly
From off the string so inconsid'rately.

Heavens

Heavens Magnificence.

IF all the Architects on Earth should strive,
And lay their heads together to contrive
A stately Palace, and had all the gems,
And precious stones in Princes Diadems;
Yea, all the Diamonds in the world to set
Into it, and to beautifie it, yet
It would be doubtless in comparison,
To Heaven but a darksome dungeon.
The Porch of that celestial Habitation
Doth fill the minds of men with admiration.
Our dazelled eyes unable are to pry
Into the beauty of th' enamel'd sky.
All precious stones when laid together, are
Not so refulgent as one single star.
What glory in the Presence Chamber then
Shall Saints amaze, when they are from the den,
And cave of Earth advanc'd above the sky,
To reign in Heaven to eternity!
Fulgentius eying well the Senate House
Of *Rome*, which was exceeding glorious,
Did both its bulk and bravery contemne,
As nothing to the *New Jerusalem*.

That

That Cities pavement is of Gold moſt pure,
What are the Hangings then and Furniture?
How Orient are thoſe Jewels which are ſet
Into the frame of that rare Cabinet?
Thoſe rarities on Earth which oft invite
Our eyes, and raviſh them with much delight,
Appear but vile and ſordid in their eyes,
Who with a ſight of heavens embroideries
Made happy are: a glorious place no doubt
It is, where God doth all his coſt lay out:
It needs muſt be a ſtately Fabrick, where
Wiſdom contrives, and Bounty doth not ſpare.
In heaven (as we read in ſacred ſtory)
There is a kingdom, crowns, thrones, weight of glory,
No wonder 'tis to me the violent
Take heaven by force, 'tis ſo magnificent.
I marvel more that many Chriſtians are
No more contentious in this Holy War.

Heavens Purity.

IN *Purity* this bleſſed ſoyle doth paſſe
Refined Gold, and moſt tranſparent Glaſſe.
Its Emblem'd by the ſaphire ſtone, which hath
A precious vertue in't (as *Pliny* ſaith)
Purity to preſerve, none thither come
Stain'd with the births of ſins too pregnant womb.
Sometimes again 'tis repreſented by
The ſparkling Em'rald whoſe rare quality
Is poyſon to expel, heaven is ſo pure
That ſin and ſinners it will not endure.
That air is from malignant vapours freed,
No Viper of corruption there doth breed.
The Serpent which to ſin did man intice,
Was long ſince caſt out of that Paradiſe.
There no aſſaults of ſinful on-ſets are,
When once a ſpotleſs ſoul, a virgin ſtar
Hath in that Orbe cæleſtial its ſtation,
It need not fear the rape of a temptation,
Upon that ſacred ſtage ſin acts no part,
The Eyes are there no Panders to the Heart.
No ſinful tinctures there of inquination
Be-ſpeckle ſhall the choſen generation.

No

No Feaver there of Luſt is to be found,
All Vice is baniſh'd from that holy ground.
Indeed on Earth of ſin few ſtand in awe,
Men ſet up Wickedneſſe oft by a Law.
And wicked men devour (O cruel Elves!)
Their neighbors, far more righteous than themſelves.
Here Juſt ones are maligned, 'cauſe they're juſt
And won't be Bandogs to ſome great ones luſt.
More Juſtice there in the infernal Den
Is to be found, than 'mong the ſons of men.
Hell doth oppreſs none that are innocent,
But here 'gainſt righteouſneſs the world is bent.
Holineſs is the White, at which the Divel
His fiery Darts doth principally level.
But Heaven is a place of Equity,
No wronged perſons there for Juſtice cry;
There are (as ſacred Scriptures do expreſs)
The Sun, the Robe, the Crown of Righteouſneſs.

Heavens Amplitude.

SPacious enough that Heavenly ſtructure is,
To entertain the ſouls ordain'd to bliſs.
It is a Garner wide enough to hold,
Thoſe bleſſed Grains whoſe number can't be told.
How ample is the *New Jeruſalem?*
Where every Saint's deck'd with a Diadem.
Though myriads of Saints inhabit there,
Yet every Saint doth move in his own ſphere.
'Tis not a place ſo narrow or ſo ſtrait,
But ſublime ſpirits may there expatiate.

Heavens Brightneſs.

THat Royal Palace which excels in height,
Is called an inheritance in light;
The ſplendor of it doth the Sun's out vie,
It far ſurpaſſes its reſplendency.
Were every ſtar a ſun, without all doubt,
Heavens luſtre they could never ſhadow out.

Light

Light is a glorious creature, what were all
The world, if Darkneſs ſhould the ſame enthral?
Alas! What beauty is there in the ſun,
When it is vayl'd, and hath a muffler on?
Light actuates the colours, and doth ſhew,
Each Herb and Flower in its moſt verdant hew.
'Tis Natures ſmile, the Univerſes gloſs,
Who wants the light, doth need no greater croſs,
Light beautifies the creatures with its rayes,
It is on bodies a bright paraphraſe.
Whether i'th modeſty of a morning bluſh
It ſelf it doth diſcover, or doth ruſh
In with more ſpriteful beams, whither in a ſtar
It twinckles, or doth in a Comet glare;
Whither in a Gem it friſketh in the night,
Or in a Glow-worm plays the hypocrite.
Whither in a Lamp it doth epitomize
It ſelf, or in a ſpark it ſelf comprize.
How e're 'tis pleaſed it ſelf to manifeſt,
Or in what form ſoever it is dreſt,
Such a commanding luſtre in its face
It alwayes carries, as it ſelf doth grace:
Yet O how dark doth Light it ſelf appear,
When to the fountain it of Light drawes near?
The place of reſt that in the world to come,
Remains for ſaints, is a *diaphanum*.
It is not like the Element o're head
That's here and there with ſtars enammelled,
No, 'tis a Body wonderfully bright,
Being all o're embroidered with light.

The

The glory of the Sun is needleſs there,
Chriſt is the Sun that ſhineth in that ſphere.
A Sun that no Eclipſe can over-ſhrowd,
A Sun that can't be masked with a cloud.
A Sun which riſing on the ſaints that reign,
With God in glory, never ſets again:
Whenas the ſacred ſcriptures would expreſs,
The glorious majeſty, and bleſſedneſs
Of God himſelf, unto the very height,
They make 't conſiſt in this, He dwells in light.

Heavens Permanency.

HEaven is a place ſubject to no decay,
An Heritage that fadeth not away;
No wonder ſaints are with it ſo much taken,
It is a Kingdom that cannot be ſhaken.
The great and mighty Monarchies on earth,
Have had their dying times as well as birth;
Their ruins were as certain as their riſe,
But as for the Celeſtial paradiſe,
Venices * *Motto* you may on it write,
No winds nor waves can ſtir't with al their
The tabernacle, wch was tranſient, (might.
Did tranſitory comforts repreſent.

* *Nec fluctu, nec flatu movetur.*

But

But Heavens joy and happiness (no doubt)
Were by the fixed temple shadow'd out:
The saints shall bath themselves in bliss for ever,
Nothing shall them and their Redeemer sever.
Their Lease of Heaven perpetual shall be,
Stamp'd with the broad seal of Eternitie.
Eternity's a Day that hath no Night;
A Spring that hath no Autumne, joy at height:
O happy man, who being freed from thrall,
Enjoy the vision beatifical!

HEAVENS GLORY

FURTHER SHADOWED OUT BY ITS

NAMES, TITLES,

AND

EPITHITES.

THe *Titles*, *Names*, and *Epithites*, that are
Aſcrib'd to Heavenly joyes, do yet declare,
And further to our reliſh repreſent,
Their ſweetneſs, even to aſtoniſhment.

A Kingdom.

A Kingdom.

HEaven is a *Kingdom*, and a Kingly throne
Is held the top, crown, and perfection
Of ſublunary bliſs, the higheſt aime
Of mans ambition, that which doth inflame
His aſpiration moſt, a confluence
It is of Riches and magnificence,
Of glory, pompe, and royal majeſty,
Of pleaſure and delightful bravery;
Or what the heart of man can more deſire,
To make his outward happineſs entire:
What ſtirs and ſtratagems, what pulling down,
Of one another, to climbe to a crown?
What *Machavilian* depths, what ſtrange adventures?
What ſtretching of mens brains upon the tenters?
What cunning Plots, what rowling of each ſtone,
To be inſtalled in the regal throne?
Witneſs our *York* and *Lancaſter*, nay all
Earths habitable parts both great and ſmall,
Which have from time to time prov'd (as we find
In ſtory) bloody Cock-pits in this kind.

An heavenly Kingdom.

AN *Heavenly Kingdom* 'tis to intimate,
That it in excellency, pompe, and ſtate,
As far tranſcends all earthly Kingdoms, as
The Empyrean Heaven doth ſurpaſs
The Earth with all its bravery and ſtore
Of choice delights, and infinitely more.

The Kingdom of God.

GOds *Kingdom*, 'tis a Kingdom of his own
Framing and beautifying; 'tis a throne
Erected by his power, who like himſelf
Doth all things make, not deck'd with worldly pelf,
But with ineffable tranſcendencies
Embelliſh'd, and ſuch rare felicities,
As beſt beſeem the Maker of all things,
The glorious reſidence of the King of Kings.

An Inheritance.

IT is no *tenement* at will, to be
Poſſeſt or left at th^e Landlords libertie:
But *an Inheritance* to us convey^d,
And ſeal^d by th^e higheſt price that e^re was paid.
Which will as orient and as pretious be,
After as many thouſand years as we
Can poſſibly conceive, as 'twas the firſt
Day that it poured out was, and diſburſt.

An incorruptible inheritance.

THe Ponderous weight of that felicity,
And bleſſedneſs which is poſſeſſed by

The ſaints, who there the royal ſcepter ſway,
Shall ne're be ſubject to the leaſt decay.
Much leſs ſhall their illuſtrious condition
Obnoxious be to any abolition.
But their unſpeakable beatitude
All diminution wholly ſhall exclude:
And alwayes be as freſh and full as at
The firſt it was, their glorified eſtate
Shall ne're decline, but without ſpot or ſtain
Through all eternity entire remain.

An Exceeding, and Eternal weight of Glory.

HEaven *an exceeding and eternal weight*
Of Glory ſtiled is, its pompe and ſtate,
Crowns, kingdoms, jewels, and moſt orient
Pearls can to us but weakly repreſent,
And darkly ſhadow out; it is (ſaith one)
A phraſe ſuperlative, and ſuch as none

Of

Of all the Heathen in their Oratory
Could ever reach unto, because heavens glory
Is too transcendent, too sublime and high,
E're to be ken'd by Natures pur-blind eye.

THE SAINTS SHALL BE WITH CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

THe Doctor of the Gentiles grand desire
To be dissolved was, he did aspire
To the encircling armes of Christ, which he
Deemed the center of felicitie;
A Priviledge of the first magnitude,
A blessing that all blessings did include.

Surely

Surely we can no losers be by being
With Christ who is almighty and all-seeing,
While we 're engarrison'd in slime, too much
Of the wild olive still remains in such
As are indeed converted, but when death
Dams up the passage of our fleeting breath,
As young and tender *Scions*, then shall we
Into a better stock engrafted be:
We then shall be with Christ, whose company
Our hearts will ravish to eternity.
A perfect state more glorious is by far
Than an imperfect; here our graces are
Our richest jewels, but their lustre they
Don't in this life unto the full display; (bright,
They'r like the Moon, which when it shines most
Hath a dark spot most obvious to our sight;
Our pretious Faith (a jewel in Gods eye)
Oft blended is with incredulity,
And our humility with so much pride
Is stain'd, that it can hardly be descri'd;
Our graces flame (alas) is not so pure,
But that some smoak doth often it obscure;
Our Vertues here are in their infancy,
And can't arrive at full maturity,
Till on the top of *Jacobs* Ladder we
Are mounted, and do Christ in heaven see:
To be with Christ is held in sacred story
To be the highest link i'th chain of glory.
What is't the pious soul esteems most meet
For him to covet? is it not the sweet

Presence

Presence of Christ? For nought on earth he cares
But what the image of his Saviour bears.
He loves religious duties, but whence is't?
Because they manuductions are to Christ:
He prayes and praiseth prayers excellence,
Cause souls with Christ have private conference:
He hears the Word, and strives it to obey,
Because to Christ it chalketh out the way.
Christ on the spirits wings to us doth flie,
We plume'd with Faith to him again do hie.
If in an Ord'nance Christ be not, insteed
Of meat we on an empty dish do feed.
Christ's all a Christian can desire, and more.
The sev'ral graces which i'th saints of yore
A pleasing luster yielded though but dim,
Are all at once conspicuous in him.
Who so by Faith most sublimated is,
He neither hath a head-piece to devise,
Nor heart to covet all that's to be found
In Christ, but when we on the holy ground
Of heaven tread, the great *Jehovah* will
Enlarge our narrow Vessels, and them fill
Up to the very brim, as once with Wine
Christ did the water-pots by's power Divine.
The sight of Christ unto a saint, that is
Translated and enammelled with bliss,
A more delightful object will appear
Than e're his eyes beheld: When he was here
On earth, the light of his Divinitie
In the dark-lanthorn did obscured lie

Of

Of his humanity, yet even then
The ſaints in him did ſo much beauty ken,
Through Faiths proſpective-glaſs, as did delight
Their hearts, and raviſh their amazed ſight.
But Oh! what glittering beams of matchleſs worth,
And peerleſs excellence ſhall ſparkle forth
From Chriſt, when ſaints ſhall ſee him as he is,
Shining in glory in the ſphear of bliſs.
O what a bleſſed ſight will't be to ſee,
Chriſt clad i'th' Robes of our humanity!
And in that humane nature placed higher
In dignity, than the melodious Quire
Of glorious Angels, who to heavens King,
Do everlaſting *Halelujahs* ſing.
Cherubs and *Seraphims* there are; But do
The ſaints believe that theſe make heaven? No;
I'th' ring of glory, Chriſt's the rareſt Gem;
The richeſt Pearl i'th' heavenly Diadem:
Therefore, St. *Paul* deſired not to be
In heaven, but with Chriſt, whoſe company
The heaven is of heav'ns ——————

Our being with our bleſſed Saviour, ſhall
Not only local be, but conjugal;
Our eyes ſhall ſo behold him, as that we
Shall be one with him to eternity:
What neerer is than Union? or what's ſweeter?
It is the ſpring of joy, and makes the creature
Happy beyond conceit: by vertue we
Of that bleſt Union, ſhall partakers be

Of

Of thoſe tranſcendent beauties, wherewithal
Chriſt's humane nature is, and ever ſhall
Beſpangled be; Chriſt with the glory which
His Father gave him, will his ſaints enrich:
They with his beams ſhall ſhine, he doth array
Them with his graces, whilſt they'r in the way;
But when they to their journeys end are come,
He, them with Robes of Glory welcomes home.
How full of luſtre, will the ſaints appear,
When they their Saviors richeſt jewels wear!
Not only one, they with their husband ſhall
Then be, but eke reſemble him withal:
In other marriages Brides only do
Change their eſtate, but here complexion too:
Not that in glory, Chriſt conferreth ought
Of his own Eſſence, as *Socinus* taught.
Saints ſo much glory as compriz'd may be
Within the verge of their humanitie
Shall have; but though his image he impart,
Yet not his Eſſence. When the Sun doth dart
Its beams, and on a glaſs ſhines from its ſphære,
Some print, it of its beauty leaveth there;
And 'twixt the Sun-beam and the glaſs, it is
No eaſie matter to diſcern; but this
Moſt certain is, the glaſs is not the ray,
The Sun its likeneſs only doth convey.

In Heaven,

In Heaven, the Saints ſhall be all KINGS.

THere too too many are, who do aſpire
After *Terreſtrial Scepters*, whoſe deſire
Is to be mounted on the throne, as though
The place where ſaints muſt reign, were here below.
We ſurely then, Gods Church on Earth muſt grant
To be triumphant, and not militant.
But ſee the honour of the ſaints; O they
Shall all be Kings at their aſcenſion day:
VVe, of their royal robe, and throne of Glory,
Read in the Book of Books the ſacred ſtory.
The ſaints, that in this world a crown do wear
Of thorns, ſhall have a crown of glory there:
Yea, ſuch a crown as hath no cares at all
VVoven into't; the crown of Kings oft gall
Their royal heads, they by experience find
Them both with care and ſorrow to be lin'd.

Cyrus,

Cyrus, the *Persian* King, was wont to say,
Did men but know the cares, which he each day
Under a crown, imperial, did sustain;
To take it up no doubt they would disdain.
But lo the crowns of saints, in glory shal
No mixture know, or misery at all:
They neither are with care of keeping blent,
Or fear of losing, but yield all content.
O let us then with patience undergo
Our momentary troubles here below:
Let not our light afflictions press us down,
VVho bear the cross, shall also were the crown.

In Heaven

In Heaven the Saints shall be filled with JOY.

THe *joy of Saints* is by their Union bred
With Christ; being fully joyn'd to their Head,
Their *joyes* shall then be perfect, and for ay
God from their eyes shall wipe all tears away
With that soft spung, which Christ their trusty friend
Provided hath before hand for that end.
The spouse on Earth in sable doth appear,
Because she absent is from her most dear
And loving husband; but in heaven she
Of all her mourning weeds shall stripped be:
Her bloody Robes Christ then will take away,
And all in white will her forthwith array.
Hell's call'd a place of weeping, they that here
For all their sins would never shed a tear,
Shall weep enough, when they tormented ly
In the scorching flames of endless misery.

But

But when the ſaints have gain'd the heav'nly crown,
Chriſt from the willows will their harps take down.
He, for his trumpeters and heraulds there
VVill call, who at his beck do all appear.
The glorious Angels, that cæleſtial Quire,
VVith one conſent, do mutually conſpire,
To warble forth the anthemes of divine
Praiſe, and with them the ſaints ſhall all combine,
And ſhall with wondrous skill and heavenly art
In that bleſt conſort, ſweetly ſing their part.
If when we are i'th' arms of Chriſt, it were
Poſſible for a ſaint to ſhed a tear,
It would, without all paradventure, be
A tear of joy. Chriſt to eternitie
VVith beams of love, upon his ſpouſe will ſhine,
And all her water there turn into wine.
One ſmile from Chriſt, will make her quite forget
Her former grievances, and ſtrait-way ſet
Her on the pinacle of joy, where ſhe
From all affli ctions ever ſhall be free.
Sorrow's a cloud, that's gather'd in the heart,
Upon the apprehenſion of ſome ſmart:
And weeping, which the off-ſpring is of pain,
A cloud of grief is dropping into train.
But Chriſt the ſun of Righteouſneſs, ſhall ſhine
So brightly in the heavenly *Palæſtine*,
That there no interpoſing clouds ſhall be;
No ſorrow mix'd with our felicitie,
In heaven there's no Devil to entice,
Nothing to breed, or to engender vice.

Saints

Saints in the boſome there of peace ſhall reſt,
No enemy there ſhall be to moleſt.
Though *Iſr'el* had ſubdued *Canaan*, yet
Of all the *Canaanites*, they could not get
The maſtery, or wholly them expel;
But they, amongſt them in that Land would dwell.
But when we with the Father are of Lights,
VVe ſhall no more be vex'd with *Canaanites*.
God with a flaming ſword, world without end,
The heavenly paradiſe ſhall fill [redacted]nd.

The Saints in Heaven ſhall have perfect Reſt.

A Pilgrim [illegible] i'th' vale of miſerie,
May to [illegible] ver well reſembled be,
Which hath a [illegible] of motion in it,
But not of *Reſt*: he almoſt every minute
Is like the Ball upon the Racket, or
The ſhip upon the waves that ſwell and rore.
So long as ſin our nature doth deface,
And a co-habitant remains with graee,
While Saints do feed on ſuch unwholſome diet,
They ſubject are to motion and diſquiet.
There is no *reſt* (ſaith holy *David*) in
My bones at all, by reaſon of my ſin:
Here ſaints are in a conſtant fluctuation,
And of their ſorrows have no relaxation:
They'r like the tyde that flows ſometime, and than
After a while doth ebb as faſt again.
No reſt on earth is to be had, 'cauſe we,
While here below, out of our center be.
The Dove no reſt after a tedious flight
Could find, till on the Ark ſhe did alight.

But

But when the ſaints in heaven do arive,
An everlaſting reſt ſhall them revive.
The winds of perſecution often blow
Upon this ſpiritual corn, whilſt it doth grow
Here in the field, and each one paſſing by
Will ſtill be plucking moſt inhumanely
Theſe ſacred ears of corn; but when this crop
Is in the heavenly Grainery laid up,
It from the injury of wind and weather
Shall then preſerved be for altogether:
It with impetuous ſtorms no more oppreſt
Shall be at all, but ever be at reſt.
Not that in heaven there's no principle
Of motion, ſpirits neither can nor will
Be idle there, but ſuch a motion 'tis
As without laſſitude and labour is.
No wearineſs the ſaints ſhall there infeſt,
Their work's their eaſe, their motion is their reſt:
They labour here for reſt, but there they ſhall
Reſt from their labours, and be freed from thrall.

The Saints in Heaven ſhall have full Security.

'TIs poſſible a ſaint ſome minutes may
Of reſt have here, but they ſoon paſs away:
Security's a flower that doth not grow,
In Natures Garden, whilſt we're here below,
Sudden eclipſes in our hemiſphear
To over-cloud our comforts oft appear.
We here in danger are of loſing what
Our heav'n-bleſt induſtry hath fairly got.
He that upon the pinnacle is plac't
Of honour, doubts his honour will not laſt:
He that abounds in worldly wealth ſtill fears
A devaſtation by the plunderers:
Nay a Believer, though his riches be
Moſt permanent and durable, yet he
Still pendulous and full of ſcruples is
'Bout his condition, leſt of heaven he miſs:
Sometimes he queſtions, and would gladly know,
Whether in the ſtate of grace he be or no?
When Satan hath o're-reach'd him in ſome plot,
Do I believe (ſaith he) or do I not?

Something

Something I have that ſhines, but is not it
A chain of pearl that's only counterfeit?
My Faith's preſumption and my love what is't
But love of ſelf, and no true love to Chriſt.
Yea, when the holy Spirit hath me taught
And in my ſoul ſome ſound perſwaſion wrought
I ſoon am ſhaken like a ſhip that lies
At anchor, when the ſwaggering billows riſe.
Thus theſe diſtracting fears oft make him ſtart,
And ſad impreſſions leave upon his heart.
Yea, when a chriſtian knows himſelf to be
I'the ſtate of Grace, yet then he fears left he
Into ſome ſcandalous offence ſhould fall,
And ſo Gods ſpirit grieve, and deeply gall
His own awakened conſcience, and the heart
Of Gods dear children pierce through with this dart,
Left he thereby ſhould ſinners harden, and
Make Babes in Grace affrighted at him ſtand;
Yea, which is worſt of all, left God his ſpark
Extinguiſh ſhould, and leave him in the dark:
Theſe fears out of a gracious heart are ſtill
Ariſing like black vapours, and do fill
The ſouls of ſaints with ſorrow, but when they
Releaſed are out of their houſe of clay,
And in th' embraces of their Saviour lye,
Their hearts ſhall then have full ſecurity;
When they with Chriſt in glory ſhall appear,
They ſhall be rid of dangers and of fear.
A chriſtian in this life may likened be
Unto a man upon the ſummitie

Of ſome tall Maſte, ſometime the pirates (I
Mean perecutors) at his ſhip let fly;
And though the paſſenger can't be annoy'd,
To wit, the ſoul, yet oft the ſhip's deſtroy'd.
Sometimes the winds of ſtrong temptation blow,
Thoſe northern winds, and the poor chriſtian now
Gods favour queſtions much, and gladly would
Know if his name were in Gods Book enrould.
And though in Chriſt having an intereſt,
There is no danger, yet his heart can't reſt.
But when he is with Chriſt off from the maſt,
And planted on that rock, all peril's paſt:
Then you ſhall hear him ſay, Now I am ſure
I've ſhot the Gulf, my ſoul is now *ſecure*:
I'm paſt from death to life, no *Sirens* charms
Henceforth can pluck me from my Saviors arms.

In Heaven

In Heaven there ſhall be a Vindication of Names.

THough Saints a conſcience here void of offence
Towards God & man have, yet their innocence
By poyſoned arrows of malitious words
Oft wounded is, which ſharper are than ſwords.
The Devil that old ſerpent ſticks not to
Spit out his venome at the godly through
The mouths of wicked men, if he can't ſmite
Their conſciences with his keen darts, and fright
Their ſouls into diſpair, he then will put
A dead flie in their *names*, which oft doth cut
Them to the very heart, the ſaints we ſee
Unto the world oft-times decipher'd be
In a ſad manner; who can e're expreſs
How ſtrangely ſaints look in the Devils dreſs?
Job to the world was repreſented by
His Friends as one ſtain'd with hypocriſie:
Saint *Paul* was ſtiled a ſeditious man,
When he to publiſh heavenly truths began.
The marks of Chriſt he in his body did
Not only bear, but in his *name* beſide.

Yea, Christ himself, who blessed is for ever
Was called of the people a deceiver:
And still the Devils instruments assay
The saints in ugly colours to pourtray.
A hainous sin, no doubt, 'tis to defame
A christian by bespattering his good name,
It is no less than murther, rather he
Would lose his life, than's credit soyl'd should be.
Who so his neighbor wounds in's reputation
For it can never make him reparation.
Flaws in mens credit are like blots in white
Paper, which one can hardly fetch out quite.
Or if the wound it self should cured be,
Some skar to their perpetual obloquie
Would still remain; in fine, they do defame
The God of saints, who blast the saints good name.
Believers have Gods picture on their hearts,
And he that casteth his malitious darts
Against it, or prophanely spits upon 't,
Offers to God himself no small affront:
Well, either God the innocence will clear
Of his Elect, while they do sojourn here.
when graceless-men them with their tongus do smite
Their righteousness hee'l bring forth as the light,
Or else without all peradventure at
The day of Doom their names he'l vindicate,
Though troublers now of *Israel* stiled they be,
The day shall come when their integritie
By him shall be proclaim'd, who only knows
The hearts of men, and can their thoughts disclose.

The

The duſt that here upon their reputation
Was thrown by men of evil converſation
Shall then be wiped off, and they no more
Shall loaded be with ſcandals as before.
The credits then of thoſe ſhall be redeem'd,
Of whom the world ſo baſely here eſteem'd.
For names *Jehovah* (who is great and good)
Shall inquiſition make as well as blood;
And then the ſaints ſhall ſuch a luſter gain,
As no polluted breath can ever ſtain.
Then God himſelf the ſtone of obloquie
Which here below on their good names did lye,
Eftſoons ſhall roul away and they out from
Among the pots immediately ſhal come,
Where they were black'd and ſulled, and ſhal be
No more traduced to eternity.
They then muſt needs appear without a blur,
When God himſelf is their compurgator.

The Graces of the Saints ſhall be perfect in heaven.

HEre *Grace* to ſilver may reſembled be,
Which hath ſome droſs blent with its purity;
But when 'tis coined in the heavenly mint,
No mixture of corruption ſhall be in't.
When we're advanc'd to the cæleſtial throne,
Grace ſhall be flowr'd into perfection:
It then moſt certainly refin'd ſhall be
Into the higheſt power and purity.
This contemplation ſhould unto a ſaint
Be very ſweet, our love hath here, I grant,
Its winter in our breaſts, but it ſhall be
As fire *ad octo* in eternitie.
No ſmoak of imperfection ſhall obſcure
That radiant flame, or render it impure.
Our *graces* in ſuch orient colours there
As never can be ſoyled ſhall appear.
There *grace* ſhall want no meaſure no degree,
But to eternity ſhall perfect be.
It may be here compared to a ſtar
Impriſon'd in a cloud, but when we are

Once

Once fixed in the firmament one high,
It like the ſun in a moſt glorious skye
Shall then appear, and there a regal crown
Of rare and matchleſs beauty ſhall put on.
In fine, 'tis manifeſt in ſacred ſtory,
That *grace* ſhall then be ſwallow'd up in glory.

THE

THE BEAUTY AND BLESSEDNESS OF *Glorified Bodies.*

WHile we're on Earth, our earthly tabernacle
Is of infirmities the receptacle,
Physicians find with all their art and skill
Enough to do to piece't up for a while.

Our

Our houſe of clay like to a picture is,
That's out of frame, or like an edifice
That wants repair; how ſoon each ſudden blaſt
Of ſickneſs doth its ſtrength and beauty waſt?
How often is the heaven-born ſpirit pent
Up in a moſt deformed tenement?
To rotten-wood the body may indeed
Be likened, where like worms diſeaſes breed:
But yet this piece of clay beſpangled ſhall
With glory be above in heavens *VVhiteball*.
No Feaver there or Pluriſie ſhall be,
No wound, diſtemper, or deformity
But all the iſſues of infirmity,
That here beſet the holieſt ſaints ſhall dry
Up in illuſtrious ſplendour, there for aye
With greater beauty God ſhall them array
Then that of *Phœbus*, when it ſhines moſt bright,
And blaz'ned is in its meridian light:
There *Leah* ſhan't complain of her bleer eyes,
Nor ag'd *Barzilla* of infirmities.
Whither the bodies glory doth rebound
From the ſouls bleſſedneſs and ſo redound
By a continued conſtant influence
Upon the body, with much diligence
I ſhall not here enquire, or whether by
Jehovahs powerful hand originally
In the reformed body 'tis implanted,
This in the general is on all ſides granted,
That in the morning of the reſurrection
It ſhall be raiſed up in great perfection:

And

And like the glorious Body of our dear
Saviour in heavenly ſplendor ſhall appear:
Which is a happineſs moſt excellent,
Superlative and ſupereminent.

Glorified BODYES *immortal.*

DEath is the bitter and accurſed fruit
Of ſin, a worm ſtill feeding at the root
Of our decaying Gourds, but when we die,
Our mortal puts on immortalitie.
As 'twas with *Adam* in his innocence,
Had not ſin ſtript him of his excellence,
Such harmony between each quality
There of his Body was, that probably
Of life he never ſhould have been bereaven,
But have tranſlated been to th'higheſt heaven.
Indeed by *Bellarmine* it is averr'd,
That *Adam* dy'd had, though he ne're had err'd.
But there's no ground for this aſſertion in
The ſacred ſcripture to be found, there ſin

Is

Is made the formal cauſe of death, however,
Death our bodies glorified ſhall never
Dominion have, but they by heavens decree
Are made as long-liv'd as eternity.
That God, who *Manna* made ſome ages paſt
Hundreds of years 'th' golden pot to laſt,
Shall ſo conſolidate the body by
His ſoveraign power, that it ſhall never die,
But with impoſſibility of ever
Periſhing ſhall in bliſful ſtate perſevere.

Heavenly

Heavenly Bodies impaſsible

SOul grinding ſores *Jobs* Body ſoft and tender
Invaded, and therein did worms engender:
And every worm was actuated by
A Devil to augment his miſery,
(As *Origen* aſſerts) converted *Paul*,
Who was ſometime before his funeral
Bath'd in the chryſtal ſtreams of heavenly bliſs,
Did in his body bear the marks of his
Dear Lord and Saviour: but our bodies when
They are poſſeſſed of the magazen
Of bleſſedneſs, impaſſible ſhal be
From agonizing torments wholly free.
That ſuch a paſſion bodies glorifi'd
Have, as delightful is, can't be deny'd,
Since they of joy are capable, but this
Is certain, when they in the lap of bliſs
Once dandled are, to violence they ſhal
Ne're be expos'd, or miſery at all.

Heavenly

Heavenly Bodies Agile.

THe bodies of the ſaints tereſtrial
Are heavy in their motion, but they ſhal
Be with incredible agility
Endow'd, when they above the blew-flowr'd sky
Tranſlated are into the throne of bliſs,
Which for triumphant ſaints prepared is.
A lump of Lead which to the bottom ſtil
Sinks, being wyre-drawn by the workmans skil
Into the form and faſhion of a Boat,
(Saith *Auſten*) wil upon the waters float:
And ſhal not God give that ability
Unto the body of a ſaint, when by
His ſovereign power 'tis rais'd up from the dead,
Which the artificer gives to the Lead?
The ſoul is in its operations by
The bodies lumpiſh ponderoſity
Obſtructed here, when e're it doth aſſay
Unto the heavenly throne to make its way,
Or Would aſpire to the cæleſtial crown,
That like a Leaden-plummet puls at down.
But when the grave from out its pregnant womb
Shal caſt its treaſure, at the day of doom,

When ſaints out of their beds of earth ſhal riſe,
And be refin'd, it ſhal be otherwiſe:
Elementary gravity ſhal no
Impeding obſtacle ere be unto
Their bodies then, but ſwift and facile they
Shal in their motion be, and that for ay.

Heavenly

Heavenly BODYES *Amiable*

THe Body when to Heaven it takes its flight
Shal be like iron filed and made bright,
It ſhal coruſcant be, and with divine
Luſter in the celeſtial Orbe ſhal ſhine.
Like to the ſun in ſplendor it ſhal be,
Nay ſeven times brighter in its claritie:
The Body of a ſaint impure before
And droſsy, like the Gold when in the ore,
Shal glifter, when reform'd and glorifi'd,
Like burniſht Gold i'th' furnace often try'd.
It ſo tranſparent then and clear no doubt
Shal be, as that the ſoul ſhal ſally out
At every part, and through the bodies as
The VVine ſhal ſparkle through a Venice-glaſs.
Such glorious brightneſs and reſplendency
The body ſteeped in felicity
Innoble ſhal, that ſhould we it compare
VVith *Sols* moſt radiant beams that gild the air,
VVe to th' expreſſion of the excellence
Of its illuſtrious pre-eminence
Shal nothing ſay at all ——.

The beauty and bleſſedneſs of Glorified Souls.

IT would an endleſs labour be no doubt,
If I ſhould undertake to ſhadow out
The ſeveral glories of each faculty
Of the refined ſoul, (undoubtedly)
All humane rhetorick and angelical
Too narrow is e're to expreſs them al
Unto the life, my purpoſe only is
A taſte to give you of its perfect bliſs:
Yet from thoſe cluſters which I here preſent,
A ſaint may reap much ſweetneſs and content.

The Saints Knowledge perfected in Heaven.

THe intellectual part enlarg'd ſhal be
With knowledge ith' ſuperlative degree,
It all things there cognoſcible ſhal know,
That from its eye were vailed here below:
Whatever knowledge comes within the ſphear
Of finite underſtandings it ſhal there
Perfectly comprehend, no myſtery
Shal ſcape the ken of its enlightened eye.
Knowledge of nature, arts, and things created
Delightful is, and highly eſtimated.
Some Heathens were with Philoſophical
Wiſdom, and beams of intellectual
Light ſo enamour'd, that they did contemne
The world as nothing to that peerleſs Gem.
Æneas Silvius long ago did ſay
Unto a Doctor once of *Auſtria*,
That if the face of humane Learning could
Be ſeen by mortal eyes, it (doubtleſs) would
Appear more beautiful and brighter far,
Than doth the morning or the evening ſtar.

In other pleaſures a ſatiety
There is, when they are uſed, by and by
Their verdure doth depart, which argues that
It is the Novelty doth recreate,
And not the Quality, and that they be
Pleaſures in thought, not in realitie.
Ambitious Princes are not alwayes jolly,
But are ſometimes o're-whelm'd with melancholy,
And men o're-charged with voluptuouſneſs
Oft ſheath their bodies in a Friars dreſs.
But there's of Knowledge no ſatiety,
The more we drink of this the more we dry:
Here *ſatisfaction* and *appetite*
Do meet, with interchangeable delight,
Which plainly proves that it is really
Good, without accident of fallacy.
Now this *inferiour knowledge* to the height
Shal there be raiſ'd by him who dwels in *light*,
And ſo compleated be as that the leaſt
And loweſt ſaint of heaven once poſſeſt
The cauſes of *all natural things* far more
Exactly comprehend ſhal than before,
And have a clearer ſight of the concluſions
Of art, through th' opticks of divine infuſions,
Then ere could be attained by the eye
Of Nature, Reaſon, or Philoſophy.
In every kind of *humane learning* there
Some ſtrange *ænigma's* dayly do appear,
Which exerciſed have from time to time
The braveſt wits, but (ah) ſo dark, ſo dimme

By

By nature, is each intellectual eye,
That they those Gordian knots could ne're unty;
Whether the rowling Orbes by angels are
Mov'd, or internal forms, who can declare?
Whether in man three souls distinct there be,
Or one in substance only vertually
Containing th'other two, too intricate
A question is for humane wits to state.
The souls fair wings do flag here and decay,
Some feathers sick are, and oft drop away.
Here one Philosopher of his head oft makes
Doleful complaints, his understanding akes,
His reason's dimm'd, a second sadly cryes,
A third's soul trembles with uncertainties:
One grasps a cloud of errors, and another
Spends in untying some hard knot or other
Much of his time, one's pleas'd to recreate
Himself i'th' shadow of his own conceit,
Another al his nerves so long doth bend
Til they oft snap asunder in the end:
You *Socrates* may in the twilight see
Sadly lamenting the obscuritie
Of his benighted state, and telling you,
His Lamp can nought but his own darkness shew.
You may discover *Plato* sitting by
The banks of *Lethe* in an agony:
And through the limbecks of his moistened eyes
Distilling pearly drops in mournful wise,
Because he can't by al his industry
His former Notions cal to memory.

Look on the Naturaliſts head and you ſhal ſee
It non-pluſt with an occult quality.
But when the ſoul aſcendeth up on high,
All miſty clouds ſhal be diſpelled by
The clear ſun of a knowledge more refin'd,
And chas'd out of the region of the mind.
So that it then exactly ſhal deſcry
The cauſes, natures, riſe and progeny,
Together with the ends of al things that
Jehovahs powerful word did e're create.
It clearly then each Goſpel myſtery
Which here ſurpaſt al humane ſcrutiny
Shal ſee, and moſt exactly comprehend
The darkeſt paſſages that e're were pen'd,
Whether *Jobes* wife her pious husband bid
Bleſs or Curſe God, and whether *Jephta* did
His Daughter ſacrifice to God on high,
Or conſecrate her to virginity.
Whether *Naaman* a real convert were,
Or one in ſemblance only did appear.
That ſcripture then each one that runs ſhal read,
Why then are they baptized for the dead?
When ſaints the heavenly paradiſe inherit,
They ſhal behold with raviſhment of ſpirit
Thoſe ſacred myſteries, which here below
Some boldly dive into, but cannot know;
They then ſhal ſee and ſhal rejoyce to ſee
How *three* make *one*, and *one* again makes *three*:
They then ſhal apprehend with admiration
The miracles of Chriſt his incarnation,

They

They then the dark and ſecret myſtery
Of providence exactly ſhal deſcry.
While we in tenements of clay do dwel,
What God is doing of we cannot tel;
He many times in ſhort-hand writeth, and
His characters we cannot underſtand:
We ſeeing here but darkly through a glaſs,
The footſteps of his providence can't trace:
But when we're veſted in the coſtly dreſs
And choice attire of heavens happineſs
A reaſon of divine tranſactions we
Shal then without al peradventure ſee
In every providence we then (no doubt)
A wonder or a mercy ſhal ſpy out.
A Limner at the firſt albeit indu'd
With skil enough, yet maketh but a rude
Draught in the picture, but when every part
And lineament is limm'd out by his art,
And in their colours laid, it by and by
Appears moſt amiable to the eye.
We who in robes of fleſh are cloathed here,
Do only ſee a rude draught, as it were
Some pieces of myſterious providence
Obſcurely ſhadowed out, but when from hence
We at the haven of felicity
Arrived are, and clearly do deſcry
The pourtraiture of providence drawn out
In al its lively colours, it (no doubt)
Will be a bleſſed and a glorious ſight,
Feeding the ſoul with infinite delight.

In

In fine, when ſaints upon the ſhoar do land
Of bleſſedneſs, they then ſhal underſtand
The myſtery of hearts, they then ſhal ſee
To their content an heart anatomy:
For every work with every ſecret thing
Jehovah then ſhal into judgement bring.
They then the cabinet deſignes ſhal ken,
And privy counſels of the hearts of men.
The heart is deep, we may it wel compare
Unto a river that hath very fair
Streams gliding on the top, but when this brook
Comes to be drain'd, who ſo doth in it look,
Much vermine at the bottom ſhal eſpy,
That lay before concealed from the eye:
Thus with the heart of man it is, ſome fair
Streams running on the top there oft-times are,
A civil life, a ſpecious pretence,
Of zeal, of purity, and innocence.
But when the tryer of the reins ſhal come
To drain this river at the day of doom,
When God ſhal make a ful diſcovery
Of hearts, the crawling vermine by and by
Of avarice, and of ambition ſhal
Appear, and clearly be diſcern'd of al:
All ſecret things ſhal then be brought to light,
'Twere worth the dying to behold that ſight.

The Saints Love perfected in Heaven.

Love is the jewel, the rich ornament,
With which Christs Bride is deckt, more excellent
'Tis in a ſenſe than Faith, for *love* doth never
Ceaſe, but abides for aye, as ſoon as ever
The ſaints to heaven come, Faiths orient Gem
They ſtraight put off, but not *loves Diadem*.
Loves ſparkling beams with their reſplendency
Shal gild the ſoul to al eternity.
VVhile here below we wallow in the mire,
Our love to God is rather a deſire.
But when upon the ſpicy Mountain we
Of bliſs are lodg'd, and face to face do ſee;
VVhen *Hallelujahs* we ſhal with the quire
Of angels ſing, the ſmoak then of deſire
Into a flame of Love blown up ſhal be,
VVe then ſhal Love God in the higheſt degree.
Our love is luke-warme here, and ſometimes frozen,
It much afflicts the ſpirits of the choſen,
That in the grace of Love they are ſo poor,
And that they can their Maker love no more.

But

But there's a time approaching ſhortly whan
Their Love ſhal blaze and burn as hot as't can.
The damned in a flame of fire ſhal be,
The ſaints of Love to perpetuitie.
Here flattering objects ſteal our Love away
From God, but there it never ſhal decay.
You in the morning may behold the graſs
With drops of dew al covered over, as
So many pearls. but when the *ſun* draws near
With ſcorching beams, they ſtraightway diſappear.
Perchance when our affections once are ſtirr'd
Up by the quickning vertue of the VVord,
Or when we ſee the pretious bloud of Chriſt
Trickling as't were down in the Euchariſt;
Our hearts then melt with love, ſome love-drops fal
Down from the Limbecks of our eyes, but al
Again doth vaniſh in a little ſpace,
And our firſt-love declines and ſpends apace
While here on Earth we Mortals have our ſtation,
This matter is of great humiliation.
But when our God in glory we ſhal ſee,
Our Love ſhal fix'd as wel as fervent be:
It ne're ſhal taken off be any more
From him whom Saints and Angels al adore.
Such beauty in *Jehovah* then ſhal ſhine,
That alwayes as a Load-ſtone moſt divine,
He ſweetly ſhal attract each heart and eye,
Oh bleſſed ſight! Oh rare felicity!
Between the ſaints a mutual accord
There ſhal be too, there Enmity's abhor'd;

The

The Pulſe of their affection towards each other
Shal ſtrongly beat; here brother ſtrives with brother;
But in the Paradiſe above the plant
Of Love arrives at perfect growth: I grant
Our natures here are ſometime ſo defac'd,
That grace cannot ſo great a luſtre caſt.
In aiming at, that mark we here ſhoot wide,
Bad men unite, when good-men oft divide.
'Mong ſaints contentions never were more hot,
Nor Love more cold, ſaints againſt ſaints do plot;
Many there are, who Members are of Chriſt,
Whoſe muſick al in diſcords doth conſiſt,
Whoſe Harp the Croſs is, who the truth pretend
To Love, but won't an ear to concord lend.
Diviſions are the powder-plot, whereby
Satan blows up the Churches unity.
Sin brought forth ſeparation, and this Daughter
Her curſed Mother too much taking after,
The Grand-child of Diviſion to our ſmart
Hath born, great thoughts & ſearchings thereof heart
Are for theſe things, it is no marvel I
Conceive at al to hear the Harlot cry,
Pray let the Child divided be: But oh
To hear the Mother of the Child ſay ſo,
That's very ſad: No wonder 'tis to ſee
Pope, Jeſuite, and Sectary agree
To rend the bowels of their tender Mother,
But for one ſaint to perſecute another,
That's very ſtrange, 'tis ſuch a ſight as doth
Provoke to pity and amazement both.

For

For VVolves to worry Lambs 'tis uſual,
For Lambs each other, that's unnatural.
It is an ordinary thing, you know,
Among the thorns to ſee Chriſts Lilly grow,
But for this Lilly to become a thorn,
And tear it ſelf, to ſee't who doth not mourn?
Well this a foil wil be the more to ſet
Off Heaven, there our Love ſhal ever get
And kept the upper-hand of Enmity,
Of judgement there no difference ſhal be:
I'th journies end ſaints ſhal agree, no doubt
Though by the way they many times fal out.
When once Chriſts harp in th'ears of ſaints hath ſounded,
The evil ſpirit ſhal be quite confounded:
VVhen to the higheſt peg of bliſs, our ſtrings
Shal once be wounded up by the King of Kings,
No diſcord in our Muſick then ſhal be,
In heaven there's a perfect harmony:

But ſtay my Muſe, forbear to proſecute
This lofty theame, leſt thou be ſtrucken mute
By th' ne're enough admired depth and height
Of heavens bliſs tranſcending al conceit.
None to the life can limne out heavens glory,
Although they ſtudy nought but Oratory.
Saint *Auſtin* by a Biſhop of his time
Being requeſted earneſtly to climb
Up in his thoughts to the Emperial Court
Above, and of its joyes, to make report,

VVhile

VVhile he addreſt himſelf unto the task,
Attemptiug heavens beauty to unmask,
VVhil'ſt on the wing he ſoar'd of contemplation,
And in the depth was of his meditation,
A voice articulate, diſtinct and clear
Arrived at the portal of his ear,
Saying, what mean'ſt thou (*Auſtin?*) doſt thou ever
Hope to effect what thou doſt now endeavour?
Doſt thou th' expanded Ocean in thy hand
E're think to meaſure, or to graſpe the Land
VVithin thy ſhallow fiſt? Leave altogether
The ſearch of heaven till thou commeſt thither.
If that bright ſtar was by an heavenly voice
Silenc'd, and from the handling of ſo choice
A theame prohibited, How then may I
Into thoſe ſacred ſecrets dare to pry?
Let it in brief ſuffice to know that al
The Rhetorick of the Quire angelical
Is not enough to reach the top and height
Of heavens glory, pleaſure, and delight,
Nor al the bitter ſighs and helliſh groans
Of damned ſpirits and tormented ones,
Who labour under an eternal croſs,
Sufficient to bewaile ſo great a loſs.

Practical Conclusions

From the former

DISCOURSE.

THey that expect a glorious translation,
Must lead on Earth a gracious conversation,
Of doing wel it never must repent them,
A common course of life must not content them,
Their bosome-sins they must est-soon discard,
Which do their motion heaven-ward retard,
How pure had they need be who fix their eye
Upon a place free from impurity?

In

In righteouſneſs they others muſt excel,
Who hope for heaven where righteouſneſs doth dwel.
In Glories famous Univerſitie
They Graduates can never look to be,
Who are not in the ſchool of grace with ſtore
Of Piety well principled before.
Holineſs is heavens happineſs, a ſign,
Heaven was not built to be a ſty for ſwine.
No ſinful ſouls may there themſelves embark,
As unclean creatures once in *Noahs* ark.
The wine of angels never was nor ſhal
Be preſſed out to fill old casks withal.
Garlands of Glory they ſhal never wear,
In whom the flow'rs of Grace don't firſt appear.

The Second
Practical Conclusion.

O Let the thoughts of heavens endleſs joy
Bear up thy heart when ſorrows would annoy;
Under temptations let thy ſoul be glad,
An intereſt in heaven and be ſad:
Although the Lead of trouble, down-ward move,
Yet let the Cork of Faith ſtill ſwim above.
This worlds afflictions, which are tranſitory,
Hold no compariſon with the weight of glory.
When melancholy did the ſcepter ſway
In *Cæſar's* heart, he then was wont to ſay,
Remember thou art Cæſar; and thereby,
Dethroned that uſurping Enemy.
When outward croſſes on thy ſpirit lye,
Make a perfume of a perplexity,
By muſing often on thine intereſt
In God, in Chriſt, and in that place of reſt.
Where ſwallow'd up all worldly ſorrows ſhal
Be in the viſion beatifical.
St. *Baſil* doth of certain Martyrs write
Expoſed naked in a winters night

To the inclemency of wind and weather
Being the next day to be burnt together:
That in this plight they were no whit dismaid,
But comfortably to each other said,
Sharp is the cold, but sweet is Paradise,
This torment's nothing to that pearl of price.
The Way is thorny, and our feet may gall,
Our journies end wil make amends for al.
Let us a while endure the cold, and than
The Patriarchs bosome warm us shal again.
Let our feet burn, that we may when we dye
Dance with the Angels to eternity.
And so much joy there is in store for me,
Said blessed *Philpot*, that although I be
Up in a place of doleful darkness pent,
Yet wretched sinner I cannot lament,
But night and day I am as full of glee,
As if from crosses I were wholly free.
Yea, ne're was I in al my life before
So cheer'd as now I'm landing at the shore:
The contemplation of eternity
Pulls out the sting of worldly misery.
It turns the hissing serpent of temptation
Into a blossoming rod of consolation,
It makes the oyl of gladness swim and lye
Above the water of adversity,
It out of ev'ry cross doth take the core,
It sucks the poyson out of every sore.
It draws the anguish out of every groan,
And cutteth each calamity of the stone.

They

They cannot chuſe but lead a joyful life,
In whom the thoughts of heaven are moſt riſe.
That chryſtal fountain to perplexed hearts
Sweet draughts of conſolation oft imparts.

The Third
Practical Concluſion.

O Let there be within thy ſoul a dearth
Of worldly thoughts, leſt doting on the earth
Thou forfeit thoſe refined ſweets, which lie
Safe in the boſome of eternitie.
Cold comfort is in creatures to be found,
Contentment grows not in ſuch barren ground.
Heaven is the ſpring from whence alone doth flow
Sweet ſatisfaction to the ſaints below.
Where others ſet their hearts, there ſet thy feet,
Such counſel for a chriſtian is moſt meet.
Spend not thy coin for that which is not bread,
But with diſdain on earths enjoyments tread.
Faſten thine eyes upon that glorious ſtate,
For which the ſaints with expectation waite.
Part not with that invaluable treaſure,
For a few drops of momentany pleaſure.

O hazard

O hazard not thy ſelf to endleſs woes,
For things that are as fading as the Roſe.
What fruit hath *Dives* of his rich attire,
Or dainty fare in the infernal fire?
Of her diſſolved Gems what pleaſing taſt
Hath *Cleopatra* now her life is paſt?
What ſweetneſs now finds *Heliogabalus*
In the *Elixars* of his various
And coſtly *Cates*? VVhat pleaſures now ariſe
From his unheard of ſenſualities?
O toy not then with beggarly delights!
Divert thine eye from earths inchanting ſights;
Reliſh no earthly joyes, nor highly prile
The gilded pompe of worldly phantaſies:
What cares and fears gripe thoſe who thus excel?
Rich diſcontent is but a glorious hell.
Though thou to ſojourn here on earth art driven
Yet let thy Faith be breathing ſtill in heaven.
O fix thine eye upon thy future ſtation,
Let that be floating on thy meditation.
The matchleſs glory which thy preſent ſtate
Succeedeth, time ſhal never antiquate:
Let all thy ſtudies to that center tend,
The bleſſedneſs of heaven knows no end;
Be ſure to make eternity the ſphere
Of all thy thoughts even while thou liveſt here,
And let thy contemplation often be
Prying upon thy future dignity;
Be ever thinking thus, Oh when ſhall I
Take up my lodging in eternity!

Still Rally up thy thoughts, and Muſter them
To proſecute the heavenly Diadem:
And learn with ſtudiouſneſs to methodiſe
The grand affairs in which thy ſafety lies.
O let thy ſoul unto eternity
As Eagles to the carcaſs ſwiftly flye,
And there be alwayes hovering up and down,
Till thou a ſight gain of the eternal crown.
While others fill their thoughts with dirt; and go
After the muddy comforts here below,
O do not thou diſgrace and vilifie
Thy ſoul that of-ſet of divinity;
With ſuch vain contemplations don't affect
I'th' ſumptuous casket of thine intellect
To lay up pebbles; 'tis a very groſs
Sin for a ſaint to ſtudy dung and droſs,
To putrifie his thoughts with objects which
Defiling are, and oft the heart bewitch.
Our lives like Candles in the wind are here,
To which each blaſt proves an extinguiſher.
Or like to Glaſſes, that are broken by
A gentle knock, and into ſhivers flye.
There's no diſtemper but may in the wombe
Of Earth our dying carcaſes intombe.
Since then we are ſo brittle and ſo frail
Let us not ceaſe to peep within the vail,
Let's fix our thoughts upon eternal bliſs,
Which our eſtate behind the curtain is:
Our veſſels to that Haven let us ſteere
And anchor al our meditations there.

The thoughts of Heaven put a mask before
The beauties which al carnal hearts adore.
Of ſenſual appetites they dul the edge
And caſt a ruſt upon the golden wedge.
Such contemplations do anatomiſe
The flattering world in its varieties.
And of its cheat each vein and artery
Moſt clearly and diſtinctly do deſcry.
Eternal glory ruminated on
Will ſtain the beauty of the regal throne.
'Twil raiſe the heart and the affections carry
Far above al contentments ſublunary.
This opes the eyes and make a ſaint eſpy
Much paint, impoſture, and fugacity
In the moſt rich and flouriſhing eſtate
That comes within the worldly mans conceit.
VVhen once a ſaint through Faiths proſpective glaſs
Peeps into heaven and deſcries the maſs
Of never fading wealth laid up in ſtore
For ſuch as God in purity adore,
The cream of creature comforts by and by
Grows ſtale and curdles into vanity.
The *Dagon* ſtreight of worldly bliſs doth fall,
Before the thoughts of joy cælestial.
As pretty labouring *Bees*, although they live
I'th' midſt of wax and honey in their Hive,
Yet are their nimble wings not hindred by
That viſcous matter, that they cannot fly
Abroad, or ſwiftly paſs from flower to flower,
To gather *thyme* to carry to their bower.

So thou that doſt in the abundance dwell
Of worldly Delicates as in a cell
Of ſweetneſs, ſhouldſt beware, leſt earthly things
To thine affections cleave, which are the wings
Of thine immortal ſoul, that may retard
Thy daily flight and motion heaven-ward:
That may abate thy thoughts activity
In their oft muſing on the myſtery
Of heavens bliſs, which chiefly and above
All things a ſaint delight in ſhould and love.
The Loadſtone doth its vertue loſe and can't
Iron attract plac'd neer the *Adamant*;
And ſhall the world thy heart draw and entice,
For all the neerneſs of the pearl of price?
Hagar, no doubt, would have contented been
With her exhauſted Bottle, had ſhe ſeen
The Well that was beſide her; ſo ſhould ſaints
With little of the world, ſince God acquaints
Them with a ſpring of living water nigh,
Which ſhall refreſh them to eternity.

The Fourth

Practical Concluſion.

THough heaven be an edifice ſo wide,
That myriads of ſouls may there reſide
Yet thither all ſhall not advanced be;
To many Chriſt will ſay, Depart from me,
I never knew you, never did approve
Of your Devotion, or pretended love;
Who Vaſſals are to ſin, cannot expect
A ſhare in bleſſedneſs with Gods Elect.
The *Cherubims* with flaming ſwords do ſtand,
To ſtop their paſſage to the *Holy Land*.
The Chaff may with the Wheat together lie
Here in the floor, not in the Granarie;
No ſons of *Belial* e're refreſhed ſhall
Be with the dews of joyes cæleſtial.
Their heads with glory never ſhall be crown'd,
Whoſe hearts were never conſecrated ground.
Such in the landskip of a ſingle glance
Shall ne're behold the ſaints inheritance.
Or if they do, 'tis to accumulate
The infelicity of their deſp'rate ſtate.

Although

Although the ſerpent into Paradiſe
Did winde it ſelf the VVoman to entiſe:
Yet no defiled ſoul by al its skill
Shal e're aſcend or ſcale Gods holy hill.
Great *Pompeys theatre* was filled by
Turtullian of al filthineſs the fly:
But Heaven's *Nonefuch*, there is not the leaſt
Tincture of ſin to ſtain that place of reſt.
There no temptation ſhal the ſaints aſſaile,
No ſinful luſt ſhal lodge within the vaile.
Heaven is the ſacred and imperial court
Of Gods immediate preſence; where (in ſhort)
His purer eyes ſhal ne're offended be
VVith the leaſt riſing of deformity.

Marks

Marks of our Intereſt in Heaven.

THey that ſhal wear the Royal Diadem
Of glory in the *New Jeruſalem*
Are *Scions* off from Natures Olive broke
And grafted new into another ſtock.
God hath diſmantled the old man in part,
VVho full poſſeſſion once had of the heart.
Some carnal luſt falls from them ev'ry day,
That in the ſoul did formerly bear ſway.
They looſed are from the grave-cloaths of ſin,
VVhich heretofore they were involved in.
Their wonted paths they willingly forſake,
And in the wayes of God much pleaſure take.
The ſignet of the word and heavenly print
Hath ſtamped on their hearts once ſatans mint.
The ſpirits gale hath blown upon them, and
Turned their courſe towards the *Holy Land*;
Their lives beſpangled are with holineſs,
His Vertues that hath call'd them they expreſs,
The rayes of Chriſts tranſcendent beauty ſhine
Upon them, and their hearts to him encline.
Temptations womb is in the births of ſin,
Leſs fruitful than it heretofore hath been.
The weeds of luſt decay in them apace,
And in their room ſprings up the Herb of Grace.

The Second Mark

THeir ſouls are carried out with violence,
Heaven to attain they pine at no expence.
As Gods redeemed *Iſrael* by his aid
The Land of Promiſe ſtoutly did invade:
So his Elect and choſen Generation
Lay ſiege unto the heavenly habitation.
There's no arriving at eternal life,
They know full well, without this holy ſtrife.
To heaven with all celerity they hie,
As flocks of Doves unto their windows flie,
They march on ſpeedily without delay,
Although there be a Lion in the way.
The wings of Faith bear them above thoſe fears,
Which carnal hearts do penetrate like ſpears.
They break through all obſtructions that they may
Poſſeſs themſelves of their intended prey.
The batt'ries of their pray'rs 'gainſt heaven they plant
And ſtorm't, till God to them an entrance grant:
They ask in Faith and will not be denied,
Heaven they muſt have, what e're they want beſide.
At this they aim, to this each ſaint aſpires,
e here's the center of their choice deſires.

The

The Third Mark.

They by the new and living way do go
The vaile of Christs humanity; they know,
That there is no salvation to be had
In any other: if they be not clad
With his unspotted robes of righteousnes,
They can't be sav'd in any other dres.
There's no name under heaven that can ease us
Of sins enthralment, but the name of Jesus.
Saints by his merits only do attain
Eternal life, which is the greatest gain.
Good works to heavens kingdom are the way,
The cause of reigning that we dare not say.
Christ is the Door, and there's no entring in
But by his bloud, which cleanseth from all sin:
He is the curtain, the refreshing screen,
Us and Gods scorching ire that stands between
The deluge of his wrath no man can shun,
Unless with speed into this ark he run:
They lose themselves for ever, who assay
To go to heaven any other way.

The Fourth Mark.

THeir ſouls oft ſoar above the ſpangled ſky,
And unto Heaven in contemplation fly;
Mount *Tabor* they do frequently aſcend,
To eye the glory that may there be kenn'd:
They heaven alwayes have within their eye,
VVhich makes them earthly trifles to defie.
Their hearts are only fix'd on things above,
Theſe are the chiefeſt objects of their love.
The bleſſed God their thoughts ſtill dwel upon,
An earthly ſaint's a contradiction.
Though they to ſojourn here below are driven,
Yet is their converſation ſtill in heaven:
There is their treaſure, there their chief eſtate,
From which no wile their hearts can ſeparate.
How to be great on earth is not their plot,
They uſe the world as though they us'd it not.
The pleaſures of this life they little heed,
Their thoughts upon the faireſt objects feed.
They't alwayes preſſing forward tow'rds the *mark*,
And long to taſte the *Manna* in heav'ns ark.

The Fifth
Practical Conclusion.

O Long to be installed in the throne
Of endless glory, let thy spirit groan
After a full and plenary possession
Of blessedness transcending all expression;
Pant after that unparallell'd estate,
One mite whereof surpasseth all conceit.
Be like the Bird of Paradise, which (they say)
Being intangled in the snare, straightway
Begins to strive, and never giveth o're
Till she enjoy her freedom as before.
Sing *Simeons* swan-like song at his decease,
Lord, let thy servant now depart in peace.
Welcome the messenger of death, which brings
Most joyful tydings from the King of Kings;
Which tells the saints of an approaching crown
Of matchless glory, honour, and renown.
Death is the chariot, which without delay
Saints to their Fathers house soon bears away.
Death lodgeth souls, i'th' twinckling of an eye,
In the sweet bosome of felicity:

Death

Death is to humble penitents no leſs
Then a ſhort entrance into happineſs:
Their naſty loathſome rags death frees them from,
And gives them change of raiment in their room.
Death is the ſaints aſcenſion-day to bliſs,
Their marriage day with Jeſus Chriſt it is.
Death is the Charter of their liberty,
The period of their pain and miſery:
Death gives them an immunity from ſin,
And frees them from the fears they once were in:
Death is the bane of woe, the grave of vice,
The portal opening into Paradiſe.
Where grace, that in the bud was here below,
Into the flow'r of glory ſtraight ſhal blow,
Where ſaints immortal ſouls made more divine
Shal with the Di'monds of perfection ſhine.
Where they to their unſpeakable delight
Of God himſelf ſhal have a perfect ſight;
VVhere in their wills there ſhal a likeneſs be
To God in holineſs and purity.
VVhere having ſhot the gulph of Death they ſhal
VVear on their heads a crown imperial.
VVhere the rich caskets of their ſouls ſhal be
O'relaid with glories beſt embroiderie.
VVhere in the river they of pleaſures ſhal
Be bath'd, whoſe ſweetneſs is perpetual.
VVhere no contaminating tincture e're
Shall their unſpotted purity beſmear.
VVhere God himſelf unto the ſaints ſhall be
A ſpring of life to perpetuitie.

Where they shal in the fragrant bosome lie
Of their beloved to eternitie;
Where saints by vertue of their Saviours merit
Shal always have fresh in-comes of the spirit.
VVhere the enammel of their glory shal
Never wear off, nor soiled be at all.
VVhere they shal have a rich redundancy
Of peace, joy, comfort and serenity.
Where they their safety shal behold from all
Insulting foes, and their eternal thrall.
VVhere they a glorious kingdom shal receive,
Of which no power on earth can them bereave.
VVhere they shal be partakers of that joy,
VVhich will them satisfie, but never cloy.
VVhere *Bara* into *Beracha* shal be
Converted, mourning into melody.
VVhere brinish tears shal never dim their eyes,
Nor shal their ears be frighted more with cryes.
Where sorrows ne're shal damp their hearts again,
Nor shal their senses be disturb'd with pain.
VVhere they no more shal persecuted be
By Satans imps for their integrity.
VVhere saints with sparkling Gems of glory shal
Be deck'd, and not be envi'd for't at all.
VVhere length of years without the least decay
Of strength they shal enjoy; yea, where for ay
They shal be blessed with the love of many,
And need not fear the jealousie of any:
VVhere for their labour a *Quietus est*
Each saint shal have, and ever be at rest.

Where life and immortality they ſhall
Have for their death in Chriſt, and Chriſt for all.

The Concluſion of the whole.

THe Glory that within the curtain lies
Can't meaſur'd be by our capacities.
There's more within the vaile than by the beſt
And moſt ſublimed ſaint can be expreſt;
Grace may believe't, but Reaſon cannot ſound
The bottom of't, though never ſo profound.
In fathoming this rich inheritance,
What's all acuteneſs but meer ignorance?
He cannot reach this glory that's indu'de
VVith knowledge in the largeſt latitude.
If Natures ſecretary did not know
The cauſe why *Euripus* did ebbe and flow,
O how then would his Reaſon puzz'led be
To ſound the Ocean of Eternity?
VVhat the inſpired Pen-man doth relate
Of natural men and unregenerate,
Reſpectively to ſpir'tuals, that they are
Not able them to comprehend or bear:

The ſame more truly may aſſerted be,
In reference unto Eternity.
'Tis with the proſpect of eternity
As to the Ocean it is with the eye:
It may its ſurface, not its bottom ſee.
And ſo ſome dark and glimmering knowledge we
May have of heaven, but no mortal eye
Into its in-ſide able is to pry.
The blind-man half reſtored to his ſight
Said, *Lo, I ſee by this imperfect light*
Men walk as trees: So may a pur-blind eye
Glance at the riches of Eternity.
Some few weak parcels of the knowledge we
May of it gain, but not its Centre ſee.
He that was carri'd up above the ſky,
To ſee a Landskip of Felicity,
To take a view of thoſe tranſcendencies
Heaven was enrich'd withal, what there his eyes
Had ſeen to their ineffable content,
At his return with what aſtoniſhment
Doth he relate it! Yea, he doth confeſs,
Words were too weak his Viſion to expreſs:
The raviſhing and beatifical
Sights, which his eyes had bleſſed been withal,
VVere not to be pourtrai'd in all their glory
By th' Pencil of the rareſt Oratory.
The riches that attend Eternity
Tranſcend the reach of any mortal eye:
They are a ſphear above the apprehenſions
Of humane underſtandings or inventions.

Reason though heightned much with industry
And Grace, their worth and value can't descry.
Eternal glory to our weaker eyes
Is an estate vail'd o're with mysteries,
Much like to pictures, whose rare artifice
By Curtains from our eyes concealed is.
The lanthorn of our shallow intellect
Us to the knowledge of it can't direct.
While grace is of so low a stature, we
Can't look that knowledge should gigantick be.
None can of Glory have a perfect sight,
Till they from earth to heaven take their flight:
The winter of our life must first be past,
E're we the summer-fruits of glory taste;
When saints out of the cage of earth shall flye
Into the Region of eternity,
Their pondrous weights of glory they shall find
To *nonplus* all conceptions of the mind.
Till that time come they must contented be
With the first fruits of that felicitie.
With those sweet crums their craving stomacks they
Must pacifie till their ascension day.
The fuller knowledge of our future state
Concealed is, our Faith to animate.
Who dig in Mines where store of Gold doth lye,
Their hopes of wealth do whet their industry.
Many Reserves there are in heaven which
Magnetick are to draw out all the rich
And orient Graces of the saints, and these
Warm their endeavours, that are apt to freeze.

What

VVhat in the dark remains doth grace excite,
And ſerue it up unto a greater height:
Such a deſire of knowledge natural
VVas that ingenious Romane edg'd withal,
That while the cauſe he of *Veſuvius*
His flaming Vomits with a vigorous
Enquiry ſought to know, he in the wombe
Of thoſe ejections did himſelf entombe.
And how doth this lend Grace a wing to fly,
And with more vigorous conqueſt it ſupply?
That he, whoſe eye of Faith moſt piercing is,
Can't ſee the end of his eternal bliſs,
Nor ſum up what the int'reſt of his Glory
Amounts to by the light of ſacred ſtory.
This portion, which our intellects can't ſee
To tell out while they vail'd and clouded be,
Is a moſt rich and rare encouragement,
VVhereby our graces with a ſtronger bent
Are carri'd heaven-ward; this Faith enflames,
And makes our hope riſe higher in its aims.
This plumes a ſaint, and makes him higher flie
In contemplation of eternitie.

Faith's Triumph.

STand not my ſoul upon a ſinners leggs,
But with all ſpeed relinquiſh thine own dreggs,
Into the arms of thy dear Saviour flie,
There only mayſt thou find ſecuritie:
Endeavour to beleeve what thou art never
Able to purchaſe by thine own endeavour:
Thy debt acknowledge, and then by and by
Thy Jeſus will the payment juſtifie,
Confide not in thy ſelf or what thou haſt,
Leſt by thy ſelf thou be deceiv'd at laſt:
Wouldſt thou the precious Grace of Faith acquire?
Renounce thy ſelf, caſt off thine own attire.
Wouldſt thou in purity preſerve thy Faith?
Condemne thy ſelf, heed not what Reaſon ſaith:
Do miſty clouds obſcure and dimme thy ſight?
Faith will diſpel them by its radiant light,
Is Heaven gate faſt up againſt thee blockt?
The Key of Faith will open and unlock't:
Is there in Heavens high-way a roaring *Lion*?
Faith will o're com't and lead thee unto *Sion*.
Doth fear ſurprize thee? Faith will courage bring:
Doth Death affright thee? Faith pulls out the ſting.
Is't hard and difficult to gain the crown?
Faith bear'ſt away with honour and renown.

Be

Be faithful to the death and thou ſhalt have
An heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.
It ſhall not be to thee (the Scripture ſaith)
According to thy works but to thy faith:
If before Faith good works can't work ſalvation,
After Repentance bad ones can't damnation.
As he that crowns thy good works doth thereby
Crown his own gifts, ſo doth he magnifie
His own free Grace, that pardoneth thine evil
Works, which enſlaved thee unto the Devil;
Caſt anchor here my ſoul, let nothing e're
Remove thee, in thy Faith ſtill perſevere.
And when the waves of thy corruptions beat
Into thy leaking veſſel, and do threat
Thine utter ruine and eternal bane,
By true Repentance pumpe them out again.

FINIS.